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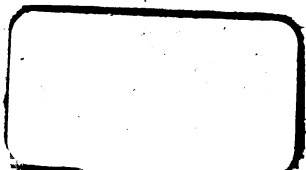
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Hannah K. Schuman
Oct 1831



In tali nunquam lassat venatio sylva.
A.D. 1884.



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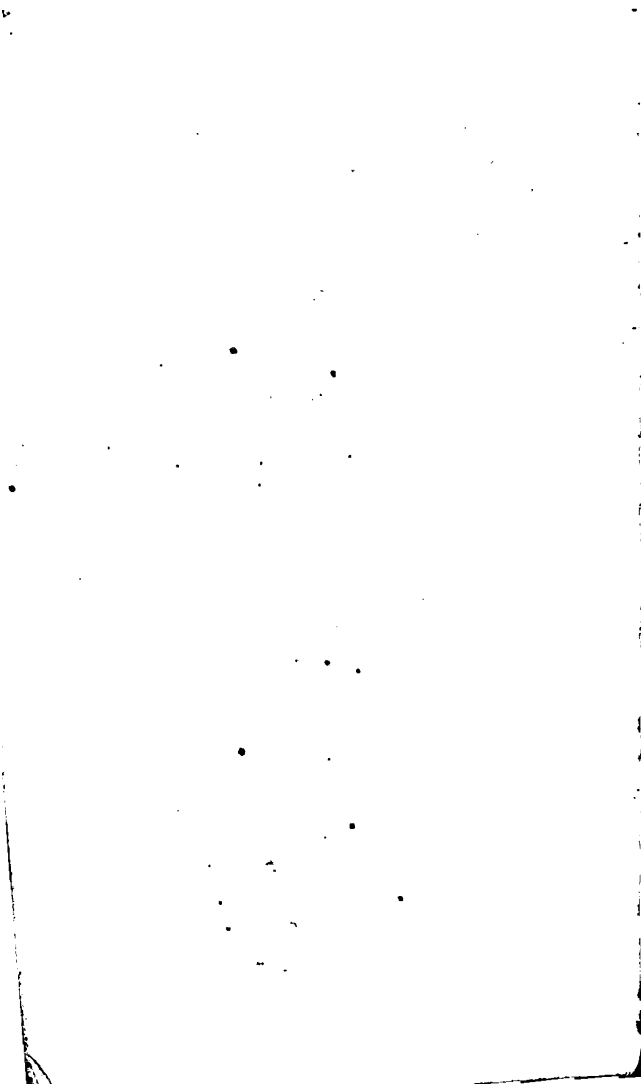
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J **A WREATH**
FROM
JESSAMINE LAWN;

OR
FREE GRACE

THE
Flower that never Fades.

BY HARRIET LIVERMORE.

“Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that, being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.”—*Paul to Titus.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. 1.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORESS.

1831.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :

◻◆◆◆◻ BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the third day of
◆ SEAL. ◆ August, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred
◻◆◆◆◻ and thirty one, Harriet Livermore, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit :

“A Wreath from Jessamine Lawn ; or Free Grace the Flower that never Fades. By Harriet Livermore. ‘Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost ; which he shed on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour ; that, being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.’—*Paul to Titus*. In two Volumes,—Vol. 1.”

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D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the District.

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95-7-14-1924
5 vols.



TO

Sarah S.

AND

MARY JANE LIVERMORE,

THIS

"YOUTH'S NOVEL,"

Which is entitled

A WREATH FROM JESSAMINE LAWN,

OR

FREE GRACE

THE

FLOWER THAT NEVER FADES,

Is Inscribed,

AS

An humble, but sincere testimony,

OF THE

AFFECTION AND

Best wishes of

THE AUTHOR.

*Dated June 19th, A. D. 1831,
At Belvidere Village.*

66.3.26.35.

Note.

The way-faring pilgrim presents her thanks to those persons who have subscribed for her *Wreath*, and paid in advance, to aid the purchase of paper for the work.

Subscribers, on receiving the *Wreath*, are requested to bear in mind the author's description of it; that it is an original Tale, or Religious Novel. They are likewise solicited to keep in remembrance, as they survey the *Wreath*, its author's afflicted condition while writing; and let fervent charity cover a multitude of faults.

H. L.

Germantown, July 26th, 1831.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE, OR APOLOGY.



READER,

This is an original tale. It is intended in its presentation to the world, for the children and youth of our land. The Authoress is sensible, that this *most* interesting part of the community, are already well furnished with entertaining and instructive books. She believes, if children of this era grow up in vanity, and waste the bloom of youth in sin and folly, they cannot be excused on the score of scarcity or meanness of *outward* means of instruction, especially of *good books*—these are plenty.

At the same time that I make these declarations, I am offering a new book. How is this? I will tell thee reader. I will state the circumstances that induced me to write and to publish the Wreath, (in abstract, and with all possible brevity; as a lengthy preface, like a long dull sermon, is mostly obsolete, and *rarely* useful.)

In the first place, I shall remark ; that in my opinion, it would be mere mock modesty in me, to pretend to suppose that my name is unknown in the United States, when I have appeared in nearly all its large cities in thirteen of the States, in (what the clergy call) a disorderly character, even as a preacher of the gospel of Christ ; for Paul says : “ I suffer not a woman to teach.”

But I am not careful, at present, to debate this matter. It is enough for me, that *God*, the High and Holy One, hath said : his “ handmaids *shall* teach,”* even gentile females, as well as Judah’s daughters : and I know Paul was a good man, and that he never intended to hedge up a path opened and hallowed by Jehovah of Hosts. Never.

In this faith I write. It is strong, unwavering and sincere—immovable itself, though it removes mountains away from me, inasmuch as I trust in God.

What of all this ? Why, I am giving you a prologue to my preface—that is all.—You may cry pish—and pass on if you like.

My travels, with the testimony of Jesus, which is the spirit of prophesy,” have been hindered by a series of bodily afflictions. I have had many painful days and nights appointed for me, since

* Prophesy.

October in 1827. Among other ailments, a confirmed disease on my nervous system, has confined my poor body to a sick chamber through four successive winters. At times my mind has suffered severely by sympathy with its decaying walls of clay, and appeared to be threatened with desolation.—I was advised to try some amusing employ to sustain its remains of energy; and with humble prayer to my blessed Redeemer, for direction, aid and blessing, I took up my pen, to write a *Story*; It is done—I have been amused.

As to the publishing part, my motive is, to get some money to pay my way along a pilgrim's path, through this selfish, proud, and apostate world. Travelling is now far better for me than medicine; it is evidently so ordered by my Divine Master—and travelling is expensive—and sickness "is a great waster."

The climate of New-England, (the dear land of my nativity) is opposed to my diseases;—I am necessitated to fly from the N. E. coast of our country; and far from the spot "where my infancy wept," must pitch my winter's tent—yea, far from an aged father's dwelling, I go, alone, as to mortal guide. It is well—God orders it so—I know it; and I know my Savior is with me.

I suppose my *preaching* (occasionally) prevents

my receiving a support free of all personal labor by me. On this head I really dare to point the reader to Psalm cxxxvii. 5th and 6th verses. At present I am not strong enough to preach often, to *public* assemblies; but I have a testimony to give the present generation; and calculate that I shall be furnished with bodily strength in due time, perhaps when my locks are thinner and whiter than they are at present; when preaching the coming of King Jesus may be an introduction to prisons, and be attended with the lacerating rod of man.

Reader, dost thou understand this preface? Shall its author sum up the matter for thee? viz. that a sickly and indigent female preacher, presents a book to thee, that thou mayest buy it, to *help her*. One dollar and a quarter will not be much missed from thy purse, and it will do me good.

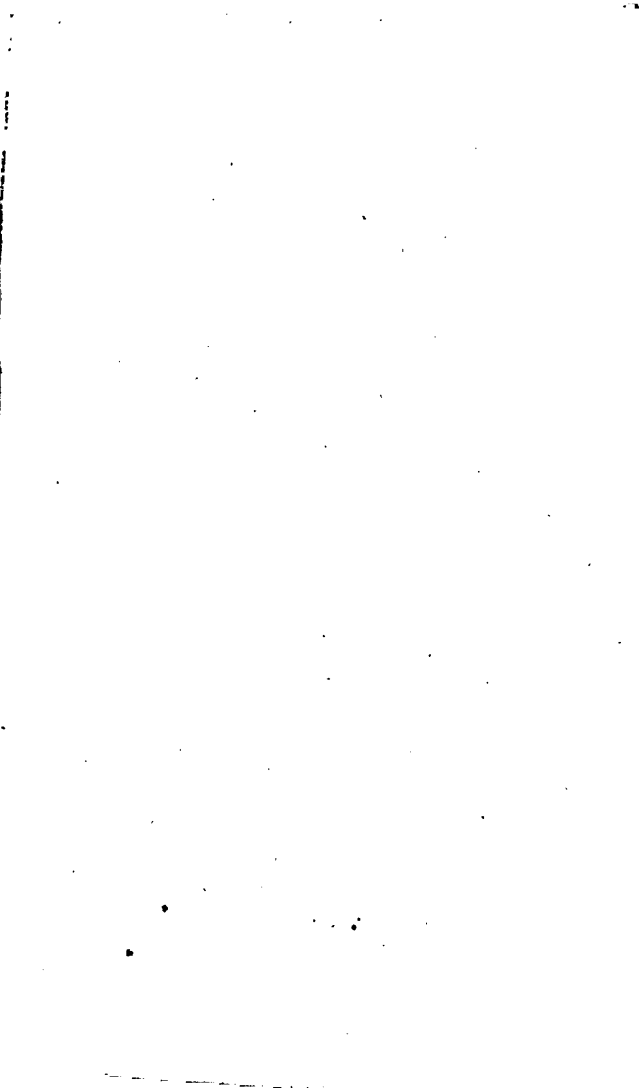
Reader, I am a cripple; and have no hope of restoration to my former activity, except by the interposition of miracles, which I do not expect, not believing that such faith now exists upon earth. No:—fallen Christendom, no!—It is delightful to me to meditate on that day, when a glorified body shall be given to each true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Reader, prepare to meet thy *God*; for behold he cometh with saints and angels, in power and

great glory. Short is thy reign, O man of sin—dreadful your doom, ye wretched trio, the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet ! Very well—glory to God. Jesus saith : “ Behold I come quickly ; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be—surely I come quickly.” Amen—even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly. May the Lord have mercy on the reader, and the author of the Wreath.

H. LIVERMORE.

Germantown, July 25, A. D. 1831.



CHAPTER I.



NEAR a shady copse, and about a mile from a small hamlet in a pleasant part of England, there stood a neat cottage, that was known by the name of Jessamine Lawn, on account of the delightful fragrance emitted from sweet flowers that bloomed in rich variety around it.

Its owner was a pious florist and gardener, whom I shall introduce as John Armly; a man that deserved the title of "good and just," like Barnabas of ancient Jerusalem.—He was blest with a companion, whom Solomon would have styled the "crown of her husband, and a gift from the Lord." Anna Armly was a meek and sober woman, a constant follower of Jesus, whose doctrine she exemplified by "a well ordered life" and godly conversation.

This virtuous and christian couple, truly merited the same eulogium that was bestowed on Zacharias and Elizabeth, (parents of John

the baptist,) for "they were both righteous before God." Their intercourse with the world was limited by the express demands of duty or necessity. It was evident they loved retirement from its busy scenes, and in holy solitude enjoyed communion with God. The vicar of St. Anne viewed them as inhabitants of the land Beulah, in a spiritual sense; and often observed, that could celestial joy discover a permanent rest upon earth, it was surely at Jessamine Lawn.

Industry, neatness and economy were stamped on all their humble domain. The grounds praised their master's, and the house its mistress' care; and in silent eulogy represented them as faithful stewards over all they possessed of this world's goods.

Amid a host of amiable qualities, sentimental and practical, that distinguished John and Anna Armly from other people, was seen heaven-born, apostolic charity. An infidel could not witness its illustration in their conduct, and remain an infidel still. Their love to God, was proved in too frequent acts of kindness to mankind, to admit a doubt of its reality and

constancy. They professed to believe, that "love is the fulfilling of the law," and were careful in practice not to contradict this faith. No child of sorrow, or houseless wanderer, ever left the cottage at Jessamine Lawn, with aching misery in their bosoms, unrelieved by christian sympathy or needed assistance. A widow, an orphan, a stranger, a poor cripple, and the unhappy maniac too, were each and all of them, objects of interest in the sight of this pious pair. Never in a single instance did they consult mere worldly prudence, when called upon for charity; nor paused from aiding the forlorn, to inquire concerning the merits and state of character, connected with a woe-worn visage, and countenance of meager, gloomy care:—a way-worn sickly traveller need go no farther to seek a lodging, than to this quiet dwelling. John and Anna were ready to entertain strangers, to succor the forlorn; and to the utmost of their ability did good to all that came in their way.

Pure in heart, and holy in life, they softly walked along the margin of eternity, spending each day as though it were the last. Death

could not surprise them, for they kept the end in sight; and for them to live was Christ; but to die was great gain.

And how came these cottagers to be so very good? inquires the juvenile reader—I will tell you:—they were regenerated in the spirit and temper of their minds—*they were born of God*. And the beloved disciple of our Lord hath written by divine inspiration unto the church, that “he who is born of God sinneth not.”

John and Anna Armly had come up out of great tribulation: “They had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

As to John’s history, I shall not at present exhibit the early and suffering part. It seems he was a lone emigrant from Switzerland, at the early age of nineteen; that soon after his arrival in England, he sought for employment as gardener in the environs of London; and was received on trial by an amiable nobleman, whom we shall call sir William Saville, the admired owner of a beautiful villa, situated in a rural avenue, about eighteen miles distant from London. Sir William at first pitied, but

soon admired the gentle youth, in whom he discerned a chaste and virtuous mind, girded about with a godly resolution, that seemed to say "My heart shall not reproach me as long as I live: I have purposed that my mouth shall not transgress."

"I believe I have a peculiar treasure in my young gardener," said sir William to his lady, after John Armly had lived at *Halcyon Villa* about one month. "His knowledge of plants is truly surprising; and is only surpassed by his amiable modesty and care in unfolding his acquaintance with *lady Nature*, who I am sure has exhibited her kingdoms to his mental sight, in the first style. I thought myself a judge of the arrangement of Flora's variegated family in sexual order, and ventured to suppose I was a botanist, previous to John's living with me; but I confess he has the crown and wreath; and I am left bare. I received him on trial, merely from motives of compassion, as he was a youthful stranger, and entreated me to shelter him; but it appears at present that I shall be influenced by other motives in retaining him in my service."

“I rejoice to find that your benevolence to the young and lonely stranger, is so amply recompensed,” replied Lady Saville; “and I hope he will continue to please you. His appearance is certainly much in his favor; sober and gentle, and, as my waiting woman says, ‘proper nice.’ Indeed, if Hetty was nineteen instead of forty, I should imagine she had fallen in love with the gardener. But my love,” added Lady Saville, “let me ask if you have discovered the origin of your young florist; and the cause of his premature and lonely emigration to England.”

“I have made several attempts to gain this information,” replied sir William, “but without much success. He is extremely reserved on the subject, which appears to give him great pain, whenever I mention it. All that I have ascertained from his own lips, is this: that he is a native of Switzerland—that he was bred a Catholic, but had renounced the abominations of papacy, and embraced ‘Bible religion,’ as he says, ‘for time and eternity.’ I am persuaded there is nothing amiss in John. Probably he is a persecuted follower of Christ.

I shall wait patiently for any farther disclosure concerning him. Of one thing I feel pretty certain, that his extraction is not mean or vulgar, as he can converse with an air of native elegance in the French, English, and Italian languages. This I ascertained by asking him what tongue was most familiar to him. He replied, the French, which I used in childhood. This is a mark of fashion in Switzerland—the German language is used by peasantry. On my hinting to him, that his attainments were very much above his present occupation, he begged me to forgive him for dissenting from me on this point; for, said he, the greatest man that ever lived in this world, except the “man of sorrows,” was a gardener. Unto Adam was given universal dominion; and for him was planted a garden by the immediate hand of God, which he was directed to dress and to keep. But my honored employer, (he never says master) added John, “I did not think of worldly greatness in making choice of gardening as a profession. My object was to earn my bread by honest and humble means. I never have repented my choice; and while I

may remain in your service, I think I shall be satisfied."

John Armly continued in the service of sir William almost nine years; giving unbounded satisfaction to his noble employer, his lady, and every member of the household. In the summer of his fifth year at Halcyon Villa, he first saw Anna Hallett, which was the maiden name of the pious matron of Jessamine Lawn cottage; and I will describe to you their first interview; and relate the circumstances that led to their union. Lady Charlotte Saville, sir William's eldest daughter, was going to be married; and her mother thought proper to resign the faithful Hetty, (who had served as a waiting woman on Lady Saville's person, from the day of her nuptials to the present time,) to her beloved daughter, in preference to any other person. Hetty had rocked Lady Charlotte's cradle; and the latter was strongly attached to the faithful creature, who returned her love with interest. Lady Saville desired John to inquire among the poor in the suburbs of London, for a healthy young girl, to succeed Hetty, when the latter should leave

the villa, to attend her daughter in London. John Armly was a remarkable pedestrian; and preferred to use this faculty in going on his present embassy, to riding one of sir William's fine horses, that was offered him. He started from the villa upon a fine *moonlight* morning in August, and reached the suburbs of London, just as the inhabitants were rising from their beds. In passing a decent looking house, his attention was painfully excited, by hearing very harsh and threatening language, that appeared to proceed from the lips of a father; and were addressed to his child. John paused a moment, and distinctly heard the words "*hussy, heretic and wretch*; but I will renounce you. I will not have you in my house another instant. What, refuse to join in our morning oraisons to the mother of *God!* and to ask leave to go among heretics! you ~~de~~ serve to lie on the rack." A soft low voice then seemed to issue entreaty, which was soon drowned in a volley of abuse; and in a few moments the street door was opened suddenly, and a beautiful girl was shoved over its threshold, by a man who appeared quite intoxicated

with passion. As soon as the object of his vengeance stood on the pavement, he shut the door with great violence, loudly exclaiming, "never shall you enter my house again, unless you return to the holy Catholic church."

The poor girl walked slowly forward, and was followed by John Armly silently, who heard her say in a low voice, "I will go to my dear mother's grave, and weep there." Our gardener concluded to continue walking behind the youthful outcast, till she should reach the spot she was seeking, as a place to lament her sorrows; and there to address her in the welcome accents of pity and kindness. But, a few more expressions that fell from her lips, as she walked, and particularly the following verse from the twenty-seventh Psalm, "when my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," so completely overpowered his feelings, that he hastily stepped up to her, and with tears exclaimed, "He will, he will, young woman; and hath sent you a friend in this hour of trial, to comfort and succor you. I came hither this morning to look for a young woman to wait upon Lady

Saville; the place is an easy one—the mistress mild as this pleasant morning. She is as lowly in spirit, as high in station;—a friend to the children of sorrow, and a mother to the poor. If you are disposed to go to her, I will pay your fare in the earliest coach, and will give you my name as an introduction to my Lady, who will, I am sure, receive you into her employ; and a better you need not desire.”

The weeping outcast listened to this kind offer and proposal with humble gratitude; and readily consented to go immediately to Halcyon Villa, to seek a shelter from insults and oppression, too common treatment toward the children of sorrow, in this evil and apostate world. John Armly saw her seated in the first Hourly that left London for the country; and then commenced his walk homeward, designing to rest an hour or two as soon as he cleared the skirts of the city; but somehow, his mind was so taken up with reflections on the morning scene, that he forgot his bodily fatigue, and actually reached the villa in less than two hours after the poor girl was set down at the park gate; and there she was found by her

kind friend the gardener, seated on a grassy mound close to the gate. It appears she had not courage to venture any farther. John encouraged the trembling girl, and conducted her to the housekeeper's room, where he begged she might have some breakfast, and requested Hetty to inform Lady Saville, that he had obtained a young person to succeed her in the office she herself had so long held;—one, he said, that appeared to be a young servant of the Lord, which he thought was the highest recommendation that could be desired.

Lady Saville was much affected, while listening to John's account of his meeting with the girl; and received her immediately into her service, promising to protect her from any farther violence, in relation to her religious principles and the worship of God.

The name of our young fugitive was peculiarly adapted to the softness of her voice and manner; for she was gentleness itself; and often it excited surprise in the mind of her noble mistress, that one so very dove-like, should have resolution to resist a flaming torch of papacy, in a long siege of rebellion against

the morning chaunt of "Blessed virgin pray for us, &c." for Anna acknowledged it had continued a whole year. She related the particulars of her short life to Lady Saville, a brief summary whereof we shall give the reader.

It appears that Anna Hallett was the daughter of an apothecary; that she sustained an irreparable loss by the death of a pious mother, just as she entered upon her tenth year;—that Mr. Hallett married again in less than one year from the death of his excellent wife; whose successor was a young widow, possessed of a pretty face and handsome jointure. Anna said very little respecting her step-mother, except that she had persuaded her father to renounce Protestantism, and embrace the Catholic faith. Anna stated, that her own dear mother was a dissenter; that she was a disciple of George Fox. In reply to particular questions proposed by Lady Saville, relative to her mother, Anna confessed that her father was extremely hard, and opposed to his wife's religious principles. Lady Saville concluded, that persecution accelerated her

departure from this world of sorrow; but she forbore making her mind known to the tearful Anna, whose mild eyes never lacked moisture, whenever her dear mother was named in her presence.

At Halcyon Villa poor Anna enjoyed as much peace as a self-denied pupil in the gospel school could expect in this world, where in large families, the lovers of Jesus and children of mammon are promiscuously huddled together for a short season of trial:—the good have an opportunity to prove their armour; and the evil a chance to observe the power and worth of religion, in the objects they often affect to despise. Anna gave great satisfaction to her noble mistress, who gave her the praise of being as faithful in her calling as Hetty; and far more devoted to the service of the blessed Redeemer. Indeed, vital piety was the sole stimulating principle to action in the character of Anna: otherwise she would have sunk in despondency, a heart-broken victim to early grief. Her mother's premature exit from this world, under peculiarly trying circumstances, had loosened every cord that

bound her tender heart to earth; and she owned to Lady Saville, that she had often prostrated herself on her dear mother's grave, and prayed for death to come and end her sorrows; "but I was very rebellious, madam, against the hand that smote me: I have since been brought to see my sinfulness. I have abhorred my carnal nature, and repented in dust and ashes: God hath forgiven me for the sake of his dear Son, who is my Advocate and Intercessor before the Father's throne, even Jesus Christ the Savior of the world."

Many a pleasant half hour did Lady Saville pass in conversing with her little black-eyed Anna, on whose lips ever sat the praise of him, who "had brought her out of darkness into his marvellous light." Nor was this act of condescension, on the part of Lady Saville, unattended with benefit to her own soul. The artless expressions of her young attendant, upon religious subjects, went strait to her heart, and revived in her soul the drooping graces of gospel salvation, that are so easily injured by the dry winds of worldly prosperity,

that come out of a wilderness, "not to fan or to cleanse."

Lady Saville, previous to her marriage with sir William, had entered into covenant with God, to serve him all the days of her life, with reverence and godly fear; pleading the precious promises in the sacred scriptures, for the young who seek for wisdom's paths to walk therein; and asking for Mary's love, Lydia's open heart, and Anna's constant spirit of devotion in the sacred temple, or presence of God. Marriage had effected no change in her religious principles; but the "wife and mother" sometimes veiled the "pilgrim and stranger;" and Lady Saville discovered, that even conjugal fidelity, and maternal tenderness, are not beyond the reach of the tempter's snare, who studiously employs every debased spirit in his infernal realm, to watch the heart where grace begins to bud, if possible to blast the plant divine, and rob the soul of heaven. At the time of Anna's entering her domestic household, Lady Saville's mind was unusually low in religious exercise, and her devotions were short and cold—alarm-

ing symptoms of spiritual decay. This inward declension was caused by the various cares, hopes and fears, excited by the approaching change in her family. I allude to the marriage of Lady Charlotte, who was betrothed to a gay young baronet, an only son, and the future heir to one of the largest earldoms in England.

After the splendid alliance was finished, and the young couple were settled in style but little inferior to royal splendor, at London, the seat of modern grandeur, Lady Saville resumed her retired studies and devotions. The former involved only the sacred science, spoken of by Jesus Christ in the memorable prayer which he offered for his church, just as he was about to commence his awful engagement with the powers of darkness in the gloomy garden. "To know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent," was the first branch of Lady Saville's private studies. To understand and comprehend his love, to learn his will, to find out her own heart, and know all her duty to God, to his people, to the wicked, to her husband, children, acquaintance, ser-

vants, and especially her duty at home in her own breast, summed the christian scholarship and classical pursuits of the lovely wife of a rich English baronet, whose heart was also touched by the spirit of truth, and drawn to the blood-stained banner raised on the mountain Calvary.

In returning to her quiet closet, to resume the employment of "scanning the sacred page," with devout aspirations for divine aid, to understand and "practice every rule," Lady Saville literally used the words of the pious Psalmist: "Return to thy rest, O my soul!" for she had lately wandered from it, in mingling with the gay scenes that attended her daughter's nuptials, and had incurred a spiritual loss. She was convinced, it was extremely necessary to humble her soul before God, with fasting, mourning and supplication; and to this mode of humiliation the convicted lady resorted with full purpose of soul, lest spiritual death should succeed the stupor she was conscious had fallen on her mind. At this juncture, the solemn remarks that were uttered by her new attendant, had a sweet and salutary effect.

They "dropped as the rain, and distilled like the dew," and shed a reviving influence on the mind of Lady Saville; who exclaimed aloud, "true are thy words." O thou adorable Jesus, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake;" and, "Blessed are the poor." Ah! how vain, and dangerous too, is worldly prosperity. Its gales may be compared to the simoon of Arabia, "the dry wind of the high places," that suffocates the unwary traveller in a very short time, (though it is introduced by a sky of rain-bow brightness,) if not guarded against by prostration, with the face on the sands of the desert.

How carefully should the disciples of Christ, who hold the office of stewards over worldly wealth, watch the rise of this dangerous wind, and avoid inhaling the pestilential blast of pride, lest their spirits die, and separate from the mystical body of Christ, forever and ever! "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God!" "True, divine Redeemer.—Thankful, indeed, ought I to be, for the solemn conviction I feel of my danger. How good is God! thus sweetly to admonish

me; thus faithfully to call me to his pierced feet. Well, Anna, there will I lie, and implore his mercy, to shelter my soul, while I am becalmed on the treacherous, but sparkling stream of glittering wealth."

Thus feelingly did this amiable disciple rehearse the danger of earthly greatness, and the goodness of God to her soul. Anna employed her leisure hours in secret prayer, for the growth in grace of her mistress; and in a few weeks after Lady Charlotte's marriage and removal to her splendid residence in London, Lady Saville experienced a glorious revival of religion in her heart, and received an abundant assurance of her adoption into the family of Christ. She walked with God from that time; "her garments were always white, and her head lacked no ointment." She felt that Jesus was her noon-day guard, and constant friend—her advocate on high, to plead her cause with God; and intimately nigh, to feast her with his word. Her life gave daily witness to the reality of her faith; and the works she wrought, were perfumed with perfect love. To her husband, children

and servants, as well as to all who witnessed her holy carriage, it was evident she ripened fast for immortal glory. It was, indeed, the case; and her delicate frame soon exhibited symptoms of decay, that issued in its final dissolution, about three years subsequent to the happy revival before mentioned. This eminent woman was favoured in her last moments, with power to sing "victory," in the name of her exalted Redeemer; and fell asleep, to rest till the voice of the arch angel and trump of God, should rouse her dust in a glorious body like unto him, who liveth and reigneth, King of saints forever.

This event threw a solemn gloom over every object at Halycon Villa; and on every countenance sat the tokens of sincerest mourning, for the irreparable loss sustained in the death of its beloved mistress. Sir William appeared to sink beneath the blow. His mind received an alarming shock; and his physicians feared a dreadful result. They persuaded him to leave the spot, where his happiness on earth had risen to its acme; and soon was dashed into the depths of sorrow; and advised

him to travel into foreign countries, among strangers to his departed Caroline, and far from scenes, that constantly awoke his "hydra woe." The children of Lady Saville were unprepared to meet affliction—they sorrowed as those who have no hope; and in the frenzy of unhallowed grief, declared they could never again endure the mansion deserted by their fond parents; and entreated their father's permission to remove to London. Not only must Halcyon Villa be forsaken now, but always avoided as the grave of their early joys; and sir William was entreated to make sale of the estate immediately.

The family was now to undergo a material change; and the revolution affected our cottagers particularly. The young ladies could not endure the sight of Anna, because she was "mamma's" attendant; and continually repeated her name and her counsels to them. It affected their delicate nerves to such a degree, that they protested it was like burying their loved parent every day; and Anna must not accompany them to London.

Poor Anna! she was now twenty years old.

She was an exile from her father's house; and by the decease of her excellent lady, she was deprived of a shelter from the world's unfeeling scorn. "But I will trust in God," said she, "I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song." To the throne of grace she repaired as usual, to present her case to him who hears his children's cry, and entreated her heavenly Father to direct her path, appoint her a shelter for the body, and protect her defenceless youth from harm. Her mind was overshadowed by the heavenly dove, as she prayed; and a still small voice sweetly whispered to her heart: "thy prayer is heard." A sacred quiet filled her soul: and she rose from her knees exclaiming: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

John Armly had his discharge from sir William, at the same time that Anna was dismissed. The afflicted baronet paid them handsomely; presenting to John, over and above his wages, twenty pounds sterling, with leave to select a variety of beautiful-plants from the gardens and green house belonging to Halcyon Villa,

previous to the day of sale. To Mary he gave ten guineas, which he said was the bequest of her late mistress; adding, that should he live to return to England, she might calculate on finding him her friend. To John Armly, sir William gave the same assurance; and added, "you both have my blessing and kindest wishes:—faithfully have you served at Halcyon Villa; 'not with eye-service, as men pleasers: but in singleness of heart, as fearing God.' He will reward your fidelity in that world where rewards are just and permanent. You have my permission to remain in this house till the sale is over; and can employ yourselves in looking after a new abode. I shall leave the villa this evening for London, expecting to embark for America very shortly. Alas; how altered my situation! At this season last year I enjoyed full health; and was preparing to attend your late lamented Lady to Bath, to try the efficacy of its celebrated waters on her decaying frame. Now I am feeble and broken—my beloved is in the tomb." O God! exclaimed he, with wild and agonized look! "lover and friend hast thou removed far

from me!" My Caroline, my faithful Caroline, companion even of my childish hours, choice of my youth, and the sweet prop of life's decline, is wrested from me by the un pitying hand of death! Grief choked the loud complaint of this distracted mourner; and he uttered no more; but presented to each of his sympathising auditors a hand in token of farewell, and signified by a slight motion of his hand, that they might withdraw.

John Armly requested Anna to meet him in the garden, at sunrise the next morning, having, he observed, a particular communication to make, that he desired her alone to hear; and I think, added he, you cannot deny this request of a person who has proved himself your friend, as I have done during three years and six months that we have lived and served under one roof.

Anna replied, she had nothing to object against a compliance—that he had been her friend in need; and that she wished him to advise her what to do, now she was again thrown upon the world; adding, she would

endeavour to meet him at the time and place he had proposed.

It is not impossible, nor even improbable, but the reader may rightly anticipate the purport of John Armly's communication; but his motives and manner may be novel to a vast majority of the inhabitants of this fallen world. Marriage certainly was in his view. Yet John was "not in love," after the manner of the children of mammon. His mind was spiritual, his heart pure; and his affections were "set on things above, where Christ is seated on the right hand of God." John Armly remembered the watch word of King Solomon, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life;" and he constantly prayed for "watching power," as well as watched for power to pray. He had a great respect for Anna, whose life and conversation marked her a follower of Christ; and spontaneous kindness, in unison with christian fellowship, excited him to exhibit brotherly affection for the persecuted Anna, an innocent outcast from her paternal home. Any opportunity to oblige or serve the poor girl, had been seized

with avidity by the friendly gardener at Halcyon Villa. When he went to London, he was particular in his inquiries about her parents; and sometimes purchased a book to present her, as a token of christian regard. He gave her Willison's Companion for the afflicted, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises, the Golden Treasury for the children of God; and Fenelon's Reflections for every day in the month. The three last were new-year offerings; and the two first were birth-day presents. But never did the gardener betray any sentimental passion for Anna Hallett. Not a single nosegay had he brought her from the garden or green house, to carry to *Church on Sunday*—no “love lies bleeding,” or *forget me not's* to wear in her bosom, or wreath of amaranths “*that never fade,*” to decorate her glossy ringlets of raven hue; nor any of the like nonsense. Our gardener was a christian lover all the while he had known poor Anna Hallett. He loved the image of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ, that was reflected in the conduct and manners of his fair friend; (for Anna was “fair to look

upon," like Rebecca, the Syrian virgin;) and he commiserated her early sorrows in a manner that seemed to say, "I know how bitter is the cup she drains." No thought beyond christian kindness was ever harbored in his breast, that concerned his acquaintance with Anna, till after the death of Lady Caroline Saville. The triumphant conclusion of her warfare and probation, forbid him to mourn. As a christian he exulted in her glorious exchange of titles, honors and treasures;—as a christian he pitied the weeping survivors, and pity's tear glistened in his mild eye, like his Lord at Lazarus' grave; for even "Jesus wept."

But what will poor Anna do? thought he; what will become of the young and modest fugitive? The night following Lady Saville's interment, our gardener devoted to prayer. He retired to a summer house that stood in a part of the garden most remote from the mansion of sir William; and there he passed the hours of night in wrestling with God; like the ancient patriarch, at the brook Jabbok, he wept and made supplication: like Israel, he had "power and prevailed." As he was ask-

ing the good Shepherd to carry poor Anna in his arms of mercy through this vale of tears, to direct all her steps, and particularly that he would provide a home for her, that was comfortable and convenient for a pilgrim's life, his pious aspirations were answered in accents audible to his natural ear, "I give her to thee;—take her for thy wife;—fear not for I am with thee;—doubt not." As the astonished worshipper opened his eyes, that had been for hours closed in prayer, he beheld a beautiful figure standing before him, arrayed in spotless white. He gazed upon the vision with awful delight; as he looked it vanished, and he heard a voice as soft as heaven itself, (he thought could be,) chaunt the following verse:

I thy min'st'ring angel am,
Sent thee by the holy Lamb;
Anna wed, in Jesus' name,
Soon with him you both shall reign.*

* Novel writers will conclude that I have outran the whole race of them. The serious reader may start with surprise at my strain. Critics laugh and infidels mock and jeer: "None of these things move me." I am not beyond scripture history, and scripture prophesy. Persons who profess to believe the Bible, are to be pitied, if

As the sounds died away, John Armly fell upon his face and exclaimed: "Thy righteous will be done, as in heaven, so in earth," for thine is the power and might, thine the majesty and glory, forever, in a world without end. He then stood upon his feet; and through the woodbines that shaded the window facing the east, perceived the morn had broke.

I will obey the heavenly vision, said the pious young man. I shall offer Anna my hand. Poor lamb of the true fold, I will nurse thee for the good Shepherd a little while, and shelter thy tender youth from oppression and scorn. Yes; it is a divine appointment, and I shall meet my Master's will with prompt attention.

No very convenient opportunity for conver-

they discredit the subject of supernatural and immediate communications perceptible to the natural senses of mortals. Such (I think) are poor scripturists indeed, forgetful readers.—

But this was spoken by the prophet Joel. "And it shall come to pass in the last days, (saith God,) that I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; and your young men shall see visions."—See Joel 2. and Acts 2.

sing with Anna, presented till the meeting took place in sir William's garden, on the morning after the baronet discharged them from his service. Anna had avoided, as much as possible, the company and conversation of her fellow servants, since Lady Saville's death. As soon as her hands were disengaged from labor, she fled to her little room in the third story, to weep there and to pray.

Anna entertained a high regard for her friend the gardener, who appeared in her view as a perfect character; but of love and marriage she knew nothing. Her pious mind was unhackneyed in worldly plans, and untainted by carnal affection. Sometimes she blushed at hearing the old housekeeper rally John Armly about looking out himself a wife; and she admired his replies on the subject; which were, "I leave that matter, Mrs. Alice, to my Master, Jesus; he must choose for me—if he calls me to marry on earth, I shall know it; and he will select my partner; else I never enter wedlock."

But Anna never thought of these things after they passed; and when the gardener requested

her to meet him in the garden, her innocent heart gathered no surmise about the object he had in view. She knew that John Armly was her friend; and she felt at this period her need of his advice.

On the morning of their appointed meeting, John repaired to the garden, just as the day broke, and spent an hour in prayer, on the spot where he had seen the vision. The breezes of Aurora, as she emerged from her slumbers, were perfumed with richest odours, from the flowery parterre he had "dressed and kept" for eight successive summers with the nicest care. The lark began his matin lay, the thrush and linnet commenced their morning song—the eastern sky soon discovered, that sol was approaching to bless the earth with his refulgent rays; and our gardener left the altar of devotion, to meet his young friend.

At this moment his thoughts involuntarily reverted to his native country. Seldom did he permit his imagination there to linger; for it wrung from his heart a drop of that kind of "sorrow that worketh death." How strict the government maintained by this disciple,

over his thoughts; those restless things in fallen, unrenewed man. Often he prayed that Jesus' love might so fully possess his heart, that worldly ideas might cease even to glance upon the surface of his mind; that in him, earth and sense might experience a famine and perish.

This morning, however, John ventured to think of his native country; and like the Swiss soldier far from home, he wept.—O Switzerland! exclaimed the pious exile; land of my fathers; may heaven be gracious to thee, and bless thy hardy children with the "light of life."—Never, never again shall my eyes behold the place where my infancy wept, or revisit the hills and vales that surround it; yet, dear to my heart is the memory of charming Switzerland!

Just as the last word passed his lips, Anna opened the garden gate. John Armly advanced to meet her, and the following conversation took place between them:

John Armly. A pleasant morning to you, Anna. I thank you for this prompt attention to my request. It is a mark of confidence

that I trust is not ill placed, and shall ever be held sacred by me.

Anna. I know no sentiment toward thee, John, but christian confidence, and grateful respect. "When my father and mother forsook me," the Lord sent thee to take me up, and guide me to a friendly abode. I believe thou art a servant of the most High, endowed with wisdom that is profitable to direct; and I am ready to hear thy communication, whatever it may be.

John. When it pleased my gracious Redeemer to seal me by his spirit unto perfect redemption, I covenanted with him to take from me all power to choose any lot for myself on the stage of human life; especially in regard to.....marriage.....I promised to obey his voice, should he call me in this way to protect and cherish a persecuted mourner in Zion. My dedication to God, has been a wall of defence between a corrupt world and my heart. The Savior of lost man laid claim to my soul and service, when I was a little child: "He girded me when I knew him not." "His own right hand and holy arm hath gotten

himself the victory" in my soul, over worldly lusts and vain desire; praise to his excellent Name! I can say with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live in the flesh, is by faith on the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me:" Glory to the Lamb! This is the state of your friend and brother in the common salvation. I shall now unfold to you my reasons for desiring this interview.

Since the death of our invaluable Lady, I have felt a painful care for you:—cast out from your father's house, because you refused to pray to the virgin Mary, and exposed to new temptations by a change of service, I viewed your case as extremely critical. My heart was drawn out in prayer, that God would provide you with a home; and he answered my petitions with a command that I shall take you myself. And now I briefly ask, Anna, "Wilt thou go with the man?" I have no compliments to offer, I am constrained to "use great plainness of speech." In the name of our divine Master, I offer to take

you to my bosom, as a lamb of his flock; and repeat the question, "Wilt thou go with John?"

Anna. (After a silence of some minutes,) "The will of the Lord be done!" Thou sayest it is the Master's call. I can reply, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to his word." I desire to live in obedience, and to die in peace. Like Rebecca of old, I reply, "I will go."

John Armly. Amen and Amen, you may return to the house; and after breakfast, I will converse with our kind old friend, Mrs. Alice, about our affairs; and ask her advice, as well as assistance concerning the outward ceremony belonging to marriage, which was indeed the invention of man, and in its present form among protestants, is pretty well spiced with promises. I shall, for my part, lay siege to the throne of grace, with fasting, to seek for strength to perform my vows.

Here ended the first interview of John and Anna, in the way of courtship; the remainder of which, good old Mrs. Alice, (sir William's housekeeper,) could relate, if she was alive.

She undertook, (as foster mother to Anna) the entire direction of the affair. Anna was to be married in a white linen frock, an emblem of the righteousness of saints. John chose to appear in the sunday suit he had worn two summers at church; telling Anna that economy on his part was necessary, in order to obtain a cottage for their shelter and abode.

On the day week subsequent to their morning interview in the garden, John and Anna went to St. Mary's Chapel, at sun rise, accompanied by their friend Mrs. Alice; and there before the altar, engaged to be faithful to each other to their life's end. The humble curate who performed the ceremony, that outwardly sealed them "man and wife," declared, that he never pronounced those words with equal satisfaction at any other marriage; and his clerk repeated the same with regard to the Amen; which in his earnestness to ratify or seal the business, gave such scope to his strong voice, and allowed such emphasis to accompany the term, that St. Mary's Chapel was only large enough to contain it. Amen, replied echo from the upper gallery;

and John thought the angels repeated it again.

After the service was over, John resigned his young bride to the kind protection of providence, and requesting Mrs. Alice to excuse his not accompanying them back to the villa, he bade them farewell for a few days; and with a staff in his hand, like Jacob of old, this christian bridegroom sat off in search of a quiet spot, where he could prepare a cottage home for his amiable wife. He thought it his duty to remove her farther from London. There was no prospect of a reconciliation with her family. John had tried to effect one, but in vain. Mr. Hallett swore, that except the hussey would pray to the mother of God, attend mass, wear the crucifix, confess to the priests, observe the fasts, feasts, and every thing else directed by the priests and bishops of the holy Catholic church, she should never enter his doors again. John made three attempts to make peace between the father and daughter. The last interview he had with Mr. Hallett, took place a few weeks previous to the death of Lady Saville; and he was then

so completely disgusted with the appearance of these persecuting bigots, that he rejoiced at Anna's separation from them. Both gave tokens of inebriation; particularly Mr. Hallett, who in the heat of his wine, declared to John, with an oath, that he did not care a fig for any church; but he hated *simplified* christians, such as his young heretic Anna was; and that he had joined the Catholics to please his wife and plague his daughter. John hastened from the unhallowed scene, and advised his young friend Anna, to resign every idea of seeing her father again. John's impression concerning Mr. Hallett was, that he was given over to hardness of heart and a reprobate mind; for he gave too evident tokens of belonging to that class described by Paul, as enemies to Christ, "whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, who mind earthly things;" whom another apostle would call, "raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame."

But we will leave them, to follow our gardener in his search for a place to pitch his tent, while he must sojourn in the wilderness, this

side the heavenly Canaan, the land of everlasting rest.

John had consulted Anna's wishes in regard to this object; and she informed him, that it was her choice to go with him, any where he thought proper. If his mind led him back to Switzerland, she was willing to go there. Anna had touched a string that vibrated to agony in the feeling heart of her friend; but she knew it not!

After travelling about for several days, making inquiries at different places, and encircling the city of Bath in his pedestrian expedition, our gardener was favored to find a pleasant spot for retirement; and bargained for a lot of rich land at a moderate price. He returned to Halcyon Villa as soon as possible, placed his Anna in a little farm house, about five miles from the villa, took the wages and present he had received from sir William, journeyed again to the spot where he expected to spend his future days, (if God pleased,) paid for the land, took the deed, and commenced his preparations for building a cottage; which were blest with great success. In a

short time, the faithful gardener had a home prepared for his spouse. And now we may keep company with the pious cottagers awhile, and see how they get along in their pilgrimage to the heavenly Jerusalem, the city of our God, and palace of the great King.

CHAPTER II.



“Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures ;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.”

“WE will endeavor to live by the moment, Anna,” said John Armly to his wife, after they were settled at their humble and quiet abode, “as moments compose our lives.” “I have often thought,” continued he, “that God is liberal of all his gifts to man, but time; and this he bestows in exceeding small quantity. It seems too, as a mere loan, for the use of which he requires great usury. The little moment present with us, is our all of time. The past is ‘with the years beyond the flood,’ ’tis ours no more. Another may succeed if it pleases God to give; but not till he resumes the present into his own eternity. By little moments our probation is swiftly passing along; and the last will soon arrive, when our Maker will say to us separately, ‘Thou mayest be no longer steward!’ How important is economy of time.”

With such sentiments we may expect a life of correspondent precision, and accordant watchfulness; and concerning this cottage pair, we shall not be disappointed. They lived emphatically for eternity. Both could say, "we are strangers and pilgrims in the earth;" and "if this earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." John especially groaned under the burden of mortality, often repeating the words, "swallowed up of life:" and saying, "glorious, glorious transition from temporal and spiritual, to celestial and eternal." I am all desire, Anna, to be ready, to be fit, and to go "where ne'er ceasing praises shall succeed unto prayer." This desire had not a particle of laziness or discontent mixed with it. Like holy Paul, John Armly coveted release from the body, that kept his pure spirit in a state of banishment from his Savior and God. In the lively exercise of faith divine, he longed "to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord." Marriage on earth had not lessened his panting after the dear slain Lamb.

Since his vision at Halcyon Villa, he could more devoutly than ever sing,

“Come let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
And join the glorified throng;
In the temple above,
Th’ celestial alcove,
We will chaunt the angelical song.”

This sacred elevation of piety, that characterized our gardener a christian, “in deed and in truth,” was on a complete level with the performance of every duty that is expected of man. He “labored with his hands,” for the temporal support of himself and wife, and that he might have something to spare for “alms, whenever providence might send the children of penury to his door.” His body, he said, must submit to the ancient law, “in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread, till thou return to the ground; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;” and with extraordinary diligence did this holy man attend to the “oldness of the letter,” “in newness of spirit.” The first said, “six days shalt thou labor;” and the latter made laborious

service easy; for he loved every statute of his God, "more than his necessary food." He agreed with one of the ancient fathers, "that eternity was long enough for rest;" and preferred toil to ease; saying at eve, when he retired to his bed with stiffened limbs and weary head, "it is better to wear out than to rust."

John allowed himself five hours for sleep in summer and winter; thirty minutes to take his meals; twelve hours he devoted to labor; four to secret prayer; two to reading the scriptures, and religious books; and the remaining two hours and a half were occupied in attendance on social prayer with his pious Anna, and conversing with her on the subject dearest to their hearts, the love of Christ to a wretched, a ruined and apostate world, and the glory of his kingdom, when it is about to be delivered up to the Father, that God may be all in all.

O, Anna! he would exclaim with almost celestial ardor, what heart can conceive the splendid brightness, yet awful majesty of the church in that day? Dear to every redeemed soul is the name of "the First born from the

dead," Christ the anointed of God; and more precious, if possible, is the name to which we bow, Jesus, the Savior's infant title. With rapture the saved sinner beholds on his vesture and thigh, the "King of kings, and Lord of lords;" but when all his mission is accomplished in heaven, as Advocate, Intercessor and Mediator, as universal Conqueror of death, hell, and the grave—when his office as Judge is sustained, till every saint and every sinner, with all the angelic hosts above, and infernal legions below, have received a final sentence and an eternal destination, then will the humility of the Son shed its last and loveliest beams around the throne of the Lamb, as he surrenders a kingdom purchased with his blood, to the Father, that God may be all in all. By this act of our Redeemer, his church is incorporated with deity itself, in all communicable perfections; and sure enough "dwelleth in God, and God in them," forever and forever. No danger of mutiny in such a body; no hazard of falling from that glory, that is enwrapt with deity; no possibility of separation from the Father, whose acceptance of his

Son's dearly purchased kingdom, announces to astonished worlds, that "to the church of the first-born which are written in heaven," "God is all and in all." Here the divinity of our Lord receives its entire emancipation from its connection with humanity, when to the bosom of the Father the Son returns with the Divine Paraclete, and Deity is One and his name One; an unutterable name, and name unknown, even forever and ever!!! No marvel that prophets and apostles should declare, that "eye hath not seen, neither hath ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things that God hath prepared for them that wait for him." The subject is too mighty for a spirit that is chained to clay, to contemplate upon. Its glory swells the soul with intense desire to depart; and beats upon the walls of its prison a farewell te deum, and invites the pale warrior's approach:

Come death, thou King of terrors, come,
And take these prison walls away;
Remove them to thy throne the tomb,
And let my spirit soar away.

To language like this, the meek and lowly

Anna, listened with sacred delight. It was her meat and drink; and often she said, "her husband was an apostle to her; and her nursing father in Christ."

John Armly had observed with humble satisfaction, that his fair outcast, as he sometimes called Anna, always appeared to be revived in her mind, by his discourse; and he thanked his blessed Redeemer for entrusting to his care so valuable a treasure, as the gift of edifying a mind of such lily sweetness, of warming a heart so purely fitted for devotion, so expansive to the power of divine love; and of assisting so chaste an imagination to "rise on contemplation's wing," and soar by faith to scenes of bliss that are beyond the skies.

As to worldly concerns, it may be said, that unto John Armly the promise was literally fulfilled: "whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." He had laid out a large parterre for flowers, and diligently cultivated therein the wild progeny of Flora; gathering up, as it were, the modest fugitives from Eden's bower, that under his skilful hand they might regain their primal bloom. Sometimes he made an excu-

sion among the fields, over the hills, and across the vales, that occupied him from sun to sun, in search of plants; and this labor he said reminded him of the great Husbandman, who is often searching in the open field of this world, for his neglected plants, to transplant them into the richer soil of paradise. The second summer repaid his careful toil. The little despised butter-cup, the small field violets, white and blue, the sweet briar, the forest pink, wild daisy, and sweet pea, with many more spontaneous germs of nature, seemed to vie with proud exoticks, that were sheltered in a green-house from scorching suns, from drenching rains, and chilling frosts. John's green-house was small, containing only the plants from Halcyon Villa, that were given to him by his generous employer; but it afforded him considerable assistance, 'as he watched every germ, and knew exactly when and how to remove them from the parent stock, and arrange them for sale.

Beside the parterre, John laid out a garden for fruit, herbs and vegetables. The latter was thrifty the first season, and the former

flourished surprisingly; so that the currants, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries, that John sold the third summer, remunerated his expenses for the contents of his fruit garden, trees, bushes, vines and all. Thus was the labor of his hands prospered by the Good Being, whose law was John's delight, and whose statutes were his meditation night and day.

In the second year of their residence at Jessamine lawn, Anna Armly presented her husband with a daughter. He received the babe to his arms with thanksgiving; and dedicated her to God in solemn prayer. She is thine, holy Savior, exclaimed the pious father; she is thine already by a great redemption. Thou hast said, "of such are the kingdom of heaven;" and in the days of thy flesh, the infants in favored Judea, received a gracious benediction. O let the same descend on this new born babe, though of gentile race, and I will be content, though the blessing should be dressed in orphan weeds, and be shaded by adversity in her youthful bloom. All I ask

for my child, is a heart to sacrifice herself at the foot of the Nazarene cross.

When the child was eight days old, John Armly wished to give her a name. I should be pleased to call her Mary, he observed to his wife, except your wishes are set upon some other name. Mary of Bethlehem, Mary of Bethany, and Mary of Magdala, were faithful attendants at Calvary; and the only badge of distinction that I crave for our babe, is the cross of Christ. It is customary, however, added he, to give mothers the privilege of electing female names; therefore, I refer my desire entirely to you, only shall mention that Anna, Ruth, Elizabeth, Sarah and Dorcas, succeed to Mary on my list of favored and favorite names.

“Call her Mary,” replied Mrs. Armly, “It is the dearest, sweetest name ever given to woman. Thy choice is really mine.”

Then Mary is thy name, thou babe of many prayers, said John, as he held the infant in his arms, and devoutly bent the knee, to renew the dedicatory act, offering her again to God his Savior. As he laid her on her mother's

pillow, he observed, "I have no choice about her, whether life or death. Should her breath cease this night, I could say 'thy will be done.' She is ~~not~~ mine, I have given her to the Lord, the Shiloh, who will not separate us in the day of his gathering the redeemed into heaven."

Mary Armly was a very fair babe. In her cradle she was the picture of serenity, the very image of love. She was healthy, quiet, and smiled and slept her infant hours away.

As soon as she was able to articulate the names "father and mother," she was taught submission to their will. When she was three years old, her father commenced religious instruction, as the most important part of his daughter's education. He daily led her about the garden and parterre, talking to her of the Creator of heaven and earth, the birds, the flowers, the bees and every thing she saw. That he was called God; and was her Maker, as well as Maker of the world. That he looked down from heaven upon her, though she was a little one; and she must love him, and call him her heavenly Father. A fourth part

of John Armly's time for family devotion, he gave particularly to Mary. Taking the bible in his hand, he said to her one morning, Come child, and sit on your father's knee; and you shall hear him read in God's book. Mary obeyed; and appeared to listen with steady attention, while her father read to her the first chapter of Genesis. As he closed the book, he said: Child, you may ask your father any questions about the book, that you wish. The little creature instantly spoke, while her brilliant eyes were fixed on her father's countenance, "dear father, God's book says, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth:' Does it mean the sky and the ground, father?"

Answer. It does child, mean the skies and the ground.

Child. If they were made first, what does it mean by beginning? What began, father?

Father. It means time, Mary. Time is the earliest gift that God prepared for man. In its beginning God was diligent in making a world. He did not stop till it was finished and furnished. This shows us, that we should be diligent too.

My little Mary must be very careful of her "beginning," that it may be said of her, "in the beginning" of her time, she remembered her Creator, and was obedient to his word.

Child. I do not wish to ask any thing more, father, about God's book, now; but you say I shall learn to read; and after that I shall study it through.

Father. I hope you will, my child, if your life should be spared; and till you can read for yourself, I will read for you, in the book of God, which is called the bible, the holy scriptures, and the word of the Lord.

Faithfully did our pious florist study to cultivate this little plant for the heavenly Eden above. He watched, he prayed, fasted and wept before the Lord, on Mary's behalf. "She is not yet a sinner, said he to Anna, 'after the similitude of Adam's transgression,' because she does not clearly understand the divine law; but her nature is impure. It partakes of the ancient fall. I can discern 'the crook in her lot,' already; and will tell you what it is: Idolatry is our Mary's constitutional evil; and in a system so gentle, so very

dove-like as hers, the grand tempter of poor mortals will display his transforming power, appearing like an angel of light, to seduce her mind, under a pretence of virtue and duty. Thus filial affection may degenerate into gross idolatry; and our poor child be left to 'worship and serve the creature, to the neglect of the Creator.' A gross and open transgressor against the fifth commandment, is viewed with abhorrence by God and man; but an idolatrous fondness for parents, escapes the censure of the latter, and is rather commended than discountenanced or disapproved, by unenlightened, unconverted and unsanctified man. I know of no sin that is so difficult to root out and overcome; nor any evil that induces stronger mental sufferings. To ward off ruin from the immortal part of my child, I have covenanted with my God to place her early in Zion, where his sacred fire is kindled; and I shall continue to wrestle with the angel for an assurance that Mary shall have a clean heart, even till the day of eternity break upon me, should an answer be delayed till then; for nothing short of entire sanctification can an-

swer as an antidote to the evils that will clog her chariot wheels, and prevent her ascending to the paradise of God."

Thus deep did the mind of this christian parent, ponder over the new talent that was entrusted to his care; jealous of himself, lest he should err in the smallest degree from the scripture precept: "Train up a child in the way he should go;" and panting after God continually for the communications of light and truth to himself and his wife, that they might so closely abide in Christ, as to serve as an attraction to draw their child to his blessed feet.

At four years of age Mary could read in the bible. Her father and mother were her sole teachers. It was their most "delightful task to rear her infant thought, to teach her young ideas how to shoot;" and to bend them heavenward, was their undivided aim. Mary was not allowed to read the books of the scriptures in course. Her morning and afternoon lessons were appointed by her father, who chose she should study the four Gospels first; often saying, that the Savior's life and doctrine were

the most delightful subjects for young or old to pursue. Mary exhibited tokens of a strong, intelligent mind, even at this very early period of her life. Her ideas were bright, yet solid; and her judgment far exceeded her years. Her little person was truly beautiful; and in face and figure she represented a perfect Hebe. To these natural gifts was added "a flower of Eden," fairer than her lily brow; and lovelier than the roses that blushed on her infant cheek. It was a lamb-like temper, a gentle disposition, and sweetness of voice and manner, that rendered her a very interesting little creature to every person that beheld her. The village curate observed to John, in one of his visits at Jessamine lawn, that his thoughts involuntarily reverted to the holy child Jesus, when he looked at Mary; and I might say also to the whole family, added the curate, and speak sincerely too.

John Armly replied with more than usual gravity, "that christians, and especially christian ministers, should be extremely sparing of such plaudits toward poor worms of the dust. "Anna and myself, said he, are mortal, not an-

gelic; we are liable to vanity and self-exaltation like others of our race; and may get "puffed up with pride, thinking ourselves something, when we are nothing;" and thus, "fall into the condemnation of the devil." As to Mary, he added with a sigh, I should prefer to see her in a shroud to-morrow, than she should live to grow up a vain conceited minx, admiring her own clay face before a mirror.

When Mary had numbered five blooming summers, the divine Creator presented her parents with a son, and herself with a little brother. Nothing could exceed the joy of this lovely child, at the arrival of the little stranger. As she viewed the fair plump baby lying on her mother's pillow, her eyes sparkled with new delight; and her artless exclamations evinced the rapture that glowed in her bosom, and she appeared more beautiful than ever.

"Mother, dear mother, said she, how good is our Creator, to give us such a pretty baby! I love him dearly now; and I shall love him always. Do let me hold him in my lap—I

will not let him fall, indeed I will not hurt him."

"Thou wouldst not wish to injure him, Mary, I am sure; but thou art so small, and thy arms are so slender, that I cannot trust him to thee while he is so young; but thou mayest look at him as long as thou pleasest where he now lies."

This was sufficient for Mary, who was so perfectly governed by her divinely instructed parents, that her will bent spontaneously to theirs, just as the tender osier bows to the summer breeze. Quick as a thought was Mary's wish resigned; and she said, "perhaps you will let me tend him by and by, mother, when I am a great girl."

"Certainly, my daughter, said Mrs. Armly; and I think it very likely I shall be glad of thy help to take the care of him sometimes."

This was sufficient consolation to Mary, to repay for her mother's present denial; and she was perfectly content to look at his little features and pretty hands, as he lay sleeping on the pillow by her mother.

Mrs. Armly requested that her son should

be called John, "after the name of his father." Agreed, said her husband; it is a plain name, and one highly honored in scripture history.

Never was an object dearer to any human being, than was little John to our heroine. She wept or smiled as did the idolized brother. Her first expressions at morn and last at eve, related to him. "How pretty he looks;" "how cunning he is;" "how soft his skin;" "how bright his eyes;" were often repeated by Mary, as she hung over his cradle. Previous to little John's birth, her father's flower parterre was her delight in the vernal season; and a book the favorite object in winter. But now little John was her sole delight. Mary worshipped the blue-eyed baby. She watched the gradations of his infancy: repeating every improvement in its earliest visibility, to her beloved parents, with the fondest rapture. She was in ecstasies to see him, when he was a year old, use his little feet, and step about the floor; but language cannot describe her joy, when he began to lisp her name, and call for Ma-ye. When Mary was seven years old, she was permitted to dress and feed her little brother. She tried

to learn him to say the short evening prayer, that was her last religious exercise as she lay down in her little cot at night. Nothing was omitted or forgot that was connected with her attendance on him.

Mary, said her father one evening, as the little girl was singing a lullaby to her favorite, as he lay in the cradle, I fear you love your brother more than you ought to. I perceive that all your attention is devoted to him. John is asleep; yet you continue the lullaby. Come child, come and sit by me, and I will show you a text that you have need to study.

Mary obeyed; and her father handed her the bible open, pointing her to the last verse in the first epistle general of John, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." She read the passage; and asked her father if he would please to tell her the meaning of it. She listened with solemn attention to every word of the explanation, that followed her inquiry; and when her father paused, she said to him, I am afraid, father, I have not minded the text; for I do not feel willing that God should have my brother. Do you, father, asked the child,

with a querulous look? do you feel willing to let your little boy go to God?

If his Creator and mine, and yours, should take him away, replied the father, I think I could say as Job said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; and blessed be the name of the Lord."

May I say my prayers now, quickly, rejoined Mary, and go to bed? I am very tired.

"You may, child; only promise me that you will try to keep the text in your mind when you are waiting upon your brother; and ask our good Maker to give you a new heart and a new spirit, that you may love him above all things. We will now join in prayer with your mother." Anna was just kneeling down, and appeared in supplication with thanksgiving and praise. John succeeded his wife in this solemn duty; and in his prayer, he entreated that God would be gracious to his child, who was kneeling beside him; and renew her heart that she might love him, her Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, with supreme and undivided affection all the days of her life, beginning from this hour. O gracious Savior,

said the sainted father, that she may not waste her young days in idolatry. She is seven years old:—her infancy has expired—before thee she is an accountable being? O, may I ask again, my covenant God! may I repeat the sound, let Mary live before thee? For little John he only prayed, that Jesus would bless him, as he blessed the favored babes in the land of Juda.

What Mary thought of these things, did not then appear; for she was naturally a reserved child, and appeared to dread exposing the secrets of her little heart, even to her dear parents. She said her prayers and went to bed. From that evening, however, there was a visible change of some kind in Mary. Her manners toward her brother were materially altered. What before was extreme fondness, seemed now to be tender kindness. She waited upon him as usual; but with a seriousness and solidity that would have become a woman and a christian; appearing by her manner to say, I am an idolator no more. One day, as her mother was returning from the garden, where she had been employed an hour in assist-

ing her husband, as it was the season of their early fruit harvest (cherries and strawberries,) just as she stepped on the threshold of her door she heard Mary's voice, and paused to listen a moment, unperceived by the child, who was giving John his afternoon luncheon of bread and milk; and talking to him at the same time, "You are a dear little brother, said she; you are pretty and good natured. Ma-ye loves you very much; but she must not have an idol.—If God should choose to take you away, I must try to say 'blessed be his name.' O dear, it seems to be very hard though; but I hope he will let you live to grow up. O dear! father told God I was an accountable creature in his sight. Now he has told him of it, I must be careful how I behave. I wish I was as good as father." Mary, in her earnestness, had held the empty spoon to the little creature's lips, till he was tired of waiting for a recruit; and he pushed it toward her, saying "more mi'k, May-e; more more. Ah! said Mary, you can show a little temper, can you? Well, it is pretty temper though; how cunning you pushed away the spoon with your

little fat white hand:—well, you shall have more mi'k, John; and as much more as you want. I suppose you are not an accountable being yet, as father calls me:—*accountable* means that I must tell the great Judge all that I do in this world; so dear father and mother tell me. O dear, I wish I was as good as they."

Mrs. Armly now entered the room; and told Mary that when she had finished giving John his milk, she might go to her father in the garden, who wanted her help in gathering strawberries for the market; and thou mayest take John with thee, said the mother, and spread his cradle blanket on the grass plat between the strawberry bed and the raspberry bushes—he will be quite pleased with sitting there a while; and see his father and sister reap the fruit.

Mary hesitated—a very unusual thing for her, indeed; for invariably, hitherto "her willing feet in swift obedience moved" at the call of her parents, ever since they could carry her about.

What is the matter, Mary, said Mrs. Armly?

why dost thou stand still, and look at me so wishfully—speak out my child.

Mary. I was thinking, mother, what if brother John should take cold, sitting upon the grass—

Mrs. Armly. The ground is dry, dear; and the weather is remarkably warm, and the air uncommonly clear. I think there is no danger of his taking cold :.....Do lead him to thy father, and ask his opinion. I can depend on his judgment, he works upon the ground and knows all about its state.

The reference to her father did not satisfy Mary's anxious mind; for she had often heard him say, that he intended to rear John in a hardy manner, and should soon begin to expose him to fogs and rain, that he might be prepared for labor in the open field. She, however, hesitated no longer; but tied on her cape bonnet to skreen his little head from the sun; took the blanket upon her arm; and led the rosy prattler into the garden, where the father of these lovely children was busy in his two-fold employ, of providing "things honest in the sight of men" for the body, and

preparing the soul to feast at the marriage of the Lamb. While John Armly's hands were busy in gathering the luxuriant fruits of the earth to sell at market, his heart beat warmly with thanksgiving and praise toward that beneficent Being, whose sun-shine warmed, whose dews and showers watered his well-cultured land; and whose blessing rested upon all its increase. I am nourished, said he, at the fountain head of divine goodness, "that gives me richly all things to enjoy;" and can only ask for an equal measure of grace, to improve the exuberant mercies I receive from God, to his honor and glory.

As Mary led little John to her father, he observed: "here come my sweet babes, heaven's last pleasant gifts." "O may I one day behold them bowing at the feet of my Redeemer, in his upper temple, ascribing worship and honor, thanksgiving and praise to God and the Lamb!" Mary told him her mother wished little John to sit on the grass, while she assisted in reaping the strawberry beds; and her anxious heart brought to her artless tongue a repetition of the inquiry: "will he not take

cold?" Her father looked at her with tender seriousness, and said: "I think not, Mary; the the air is dry and pleasant;" and he spread the blanket on a beautiful grass-plat that was prepared for Anna to lay their linen upon to bleach. He then set his little son down, telling him to keep still, and his sister would pick him strawberries—that he must not run about, lest he should get on to the vines.

Mary sat about her work with the utmost diligence, often exclaiming: "what beautiful strawberries!" and asking her father when she picked a dead-ripe one, if she might carry it to John, who kept his place with quiet content, clapping his little hands for joy whenever Mary approached him with the crimson fruit; always saying: "more May-e."

John Armly conversed with his daughter as they pursued their work, endeavoring to lead her mind to the fountain of all-sufficient good, whence the pleasant streams of human comforts flow; and where perpetual and eternal pleasures are stored for the faithful people of God. "While we are gathering these strawberries, my child, let us pray that we

may be enabled by grace to 'do his commandments;' that we 'may have right to the tree of life;' and feast forever 'on ambrosial fruit,' without fatigue or weariness, such as these frail bodies endure, while reaping earthly grounds for their support."

Mary asked the meaning of "ambrosial;" to which her father replied; "it meant delicious; and that means sweet; and you are acquainted with the last word Mary, and often use it, when you speak of John," to whom the little girl involuntarily turned, as his name was pronounced; and perceived that he was asleep, and had changed his sitting for a recumbent posture. This took place while the father was engaged in talking upon his best beloved subject to his attentively listening daughter, whose soul he continually carried in the arms of faith to his God.

"Little John is asleep in the open air, said John Armly, sure enough, as Mary pointed toward him; and I will carry him into the house; for there is a fog just rising; and the air begins to change. So it is in old England, pretty much of the summer; but your father's

native climate, Mary, the air of Switzerland is very clear, and at this season of the year the breeze in its vallies might fan our little sleeper without doing him harm." He then took the child in his arms, and carried him into the house.

But ah! sweet fragile blossom of a transient hour, soon must it droop and die! Mary's idol was shortly after translated to the skies. The frost of death was permitted to touch the pretty clay, that it might dissolve and fall, to release a spirit that could fly on cherub wings to hide in the bosom of its *smiling God*. Poor Mary! our hearts must commiserate her early and poignant grief:—sharp and deep was her sorrow! During the scene of her brother's sufferings, that lasted three weeks from the night he was taken ill with a lung fever, her cheeks were pale with weeping and watching; for young as she was, her trouble chased away soft sleep from her eyes, to "light on lids unsullied with a tear." Her parents were convinced, that Heaven designed to take their only son, as the earliest symptoms of his disorder unequivocally spoke its issue would be

death; and they were too sincere to hold up a false glare of pretended hope to Mary's "vigil eye," that was directed to them for information, with an expression that seemed to entreat: "O say he will get well!" The crisis of the fever was an introduction to the cold valley of death, though the little victim was a long time passing through; and Mr. Armly observed to his wife, that he feared she was not willing to give him up; and that God was waiting for her entire resignation, before he would make an angel of the suffering worm. O Anna, said he, search your heart, I entreat of you, and plead with God clearly to exhibit its most secret exercise, and reveal to you the offspring of every thought and feeling in your breast, that you may not suffer any spiritual loss in "the dark and cloudy day." This was enough for the obedient wife of John Armly, who resigned their dying babe to his father's arms; and left the room to seek her God in a secret place, where she poured forth her maternal agony at the feet of sovereign mercy, and plead for preservation from the powers of darkness, that attempted to shake her soul in

the day of trouble. As she prayed, the dark cloud broke, that had obscured her pious mind, since her babe had been ill; and the Sun of Righteousness again displayed his healing power on her heart, while she felt the application of Jesus' address to Peter: "what I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

The truth of the case was, that Anna reflected on herself for sending the little boy into the garden; and the "adversary fretted her sore" with his cruel suggestions, that she was accessory to her son's death; aiming also to insinuate hard thoughts of her husband and Mary, for suffering him to fall asleep; and taking the advantage of her fatigue and watching, he exerted his baleful power over human infirmity, to adulterate her mind; mixing his accusations with pleas, that she must ask for his life. This was her state when the stronger faith of her incomparable husband, was ordained as an instrument to help her out of temptation; and Wisdom placed on his lips the watch-word suited to the hour; for its sentiment touched the tenderest fibre in woman's heart, even

maternal pity. The enemy thus baffled by the shield of faith, fled from the afflicted woman when the Redeemer presented to her "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," to wield against him; and she returned to the room where lay her dying boy, with new strength to suffer; and complete submission to drink the last drop, of a cup prepared by her Redeemer and Lord.

"I can give thee up, sweet baby," said she, "to thy Savior and mine; trusting his faithful word:" "What I do, thou shalt know hereafter;" and received him again to her tender arms, for him there to pant the last remains of his short breath away.

Mary stood silent by, fixing "eyes dimmed with weeping" on her heart's delight, she watched the closing scene. Her father said many things to her concerning the origin of death—his cruel reign from Adam to Moses—from Moses to Christ—and of the Savior's victory over him:—He told her it was probable that a company of holy angels attended dying infants, to cheer them while passing over the narrow stream, that separates between their

little souls and heaven. He said these celestial spirits could observe her, though she saw them not; and pity your distress too, my dear child; for angels have sympathy with afflicted mortals; and delight in softening our woes. But see, my Mary, see that smile, added he, that plays over the pallid face you so love. How sweet this token that his suffering moments are spent; and just on the threshold of heaven, his spirit inhales its new life divine. Ah, he is gone!—Mary, said her mother, thou mayest put thy tender hand on these sweet eyes; and think, though they close upon thee, his dear spirit now beholds his Redeemer, in glory. The little girl obeyed; then kissing his pale forehead, cheek and lips, and lifeless hands, she said: “good bye, dear baby, Mary says good bye.—John is happy now, is happy, happy.”—It seemed as though she dwelt on the idea that it was well with John, to keep herself from sinking; and while her tears ceased not to flow, she tried to silence her grief by repeating: “John is happy.”

When Mary saw the loved remains of her only brother laid in his little coffin, she shud-

dered, and for a moment turned away; but the fond idea that he was happy, again revived her, and she assumed an appearance of fortitude, that would have graced a matron; and viewed the narrow house, and its clay cold inmate with solemn composure; saying to her mother: "how sweet he looks in his new cradle." O, mother, I long to die too, and go, to live again, with Jesus, and my brother.

The burial scene renewed the sad conflict in Mary's bosom:—when the coffin was deposited in the earth, the act of covering it with grassy turf was dreadful to her sight; but her father and mother, who each held a hand of their surviving child, alternately whispered "John is happy;" and she soon was calm again.

After all was over that related to little John's interment, and the bereaved trio left his grave, and returned to the cottage, poor Mary had fresh trials to encounter, that required a repetition of the words, *he is happy*. In one corner of the room stood his forsaken cradle; in another she saw his empty chair, a very small one that his father bought for him

at Bath, with which he was highly delighted, as it set on castors; and he could ride in it, as Mary told him. But of all the objects that excited her feelings, his little cup was the chief. She had held it to his dear lips, day by day; many times in each, ever since he had learned to drink; but now she could do it for him no more. She wept; and hid her face on her mother's lap, who only repeated, "but John is happy!" Again, she happened to see his little shoes in her mother's bed room closet, and the cotton frock he had on the day she led him into the garden. Alas! the dear feet that used to wear those shoes, would wear them no more; and the frock was succeeded by a shroud. If she looked out at a window, she was reminded by that active pursuing faculty, "busy memory," that but a little while ago, little John stood by her side; and even when she put her hand upon a door latch, she seemed to hear his soft voice calling, "me go too, May-e."

It required all the energy of faith, all the power of gospel fortitude, and every degree of submission to a sovereign Disposer of events,

that was in John Armly's possession, to witness the thorny path cast up for his only child, not eight years old, to travel through. He beheld his wife sinking, (not beneath the stroke that bereaved her of an only son,) but with sympathy for her surviving child, who was continually harassed by painful memory; and awake or asleep went over again and again, the whole history of John's short life, especially his last and closing scene. Anna was a silent sufferer; nor was little Mary's grief of the boisterous kind; but the husband and father was aware of their state, that one mourned with the living, while the other wept for the dead. It is not inconsistent to suppose that his own soul was deeply tried; that he could say like Paul, "cast down" beneath the burdens he had to bear. But John Armly kept his helmet and shield; and these, like a brace of unwearied friends, supported him on either side, that he could not fall. When he wrestled in prayer for his wife, faith declared she would conquer, through "Christ the believer's life;" or if he supplicated divine grace for his child, hope softly whispered comfort to

his heart ; and by believing, he re-entered his resting place, the sufferings of his Lord.

The lapse of a few months witnessed a pleasing change. Mary ceased to mourn her loss, though she tenderly cherished the memory of her brother. Anna revived under the nurturing care of her heavenly Father, and came out of the furnace shining brighter than ever, as a meek and lowly follower of the Lamb; while John Armly appeared like a pillar set in the temple of God, adorned with the new name; as a fellow citizen, with the new Jerusalem company, that John beheld in white robes, holding palms of victory in their hands, and crying, " Salvation to God and the Lamb,"

CHAPTER III.



"His hand, the good man fastens on the skies...."

HEALTH and *humble* plenty, peace and heaven-born piety, marked the career of our cottagers, till Mary Armly, (the principal heroine of this tale) entered her tenth year. She rapidly improved in every outward moral virtue, that can adorn a natural mind, in carefully nurtured, steadily governed, and well regulated childhood. To a gentle disposition, sweet and even temper, and very docile as well as intelligent mind, was added a glowing imagination, and generous ardor of spirit, that seemed to bespeak for her a station of dignity, usefulness and fame, remote from her apparent origin, and early prospects in life.

The vicar of St. Anne's said of Mary Armly, that she was an uncommon child of uncommon parents; adding, "from such a bud what may be anticipated of the open flower?" Her parents were extremely jealous over their child, "with a godly jealousy," dreading

the influence of human praise upon her young mind; for they viewed the wise proverb, "As the fining pot for silver, and the furnace for gold, so is a man to his praise," applicable also to childhood and youth; which is announced by the same writer, to be vanity. They therefore endeavored to keep her as retired as possible from human society; desiring to lead her in a path unobstructed by the stumbling blocks of pride, while her judgment was immature, and incapable of discriminating her real state; even a total dependence on supernatural power, to think, to feel, or to act, in a manner that might deserve the approbation of God or man. They wished her acquaintance with the world to be commensurate with her attainments in that great art, self-knowledge, and the divine study of her Creator's character and requirements, that she might be prepared to meet the frowns or flatteries of a capricious world; and understand her duty, as well as keep her proper place in civil society and the church of God.

Nor was it a difficult task to retain this amiable child in cottage retirement. She

loved the company of her parents, delighted in their quiet abode, and the gardens belonging to it—the shady copse, and verdant meadows adjacent; or the rising grounds more distant, which her father was pleased to see her climb, comparing her to the bounding chamoise of his native country. Mary became her father's companion in his botanical researches, and displayed a remarkable genius for the rare and ancient science that distinguished her beloved parent in the view of sir William Saville; and is, indeed, an art of heaven's own-forming, in its plenitude of wisdom and goodness, imbued with simplicity, the fair inmate of Eden, ere Adam fell and lost the light divine.

In these retired walks, John Armly's powers in botanology were displayed to an attentive hearer, whose mind eagerly received, and steadily retained, the lessons given her in strains of simple eloquence, uncontaminated by sophistry, that blinds the pupil in a Paris school, leading him off from the Great First Cause, and introducing the infidel's deity, Nature, as her own Arbiter and earth's

powerful Queen; over a kingdom exclusively her own.

Sometimes John Armly entertained his daughter with historical accounts of other countries, to amuse her mind; and elicit the facility of her understanding to comprehend the vast variety this large globe contains. He talked to her of Asia, the scene of man's first creation, the birth place of the Messiah, the land of patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs;—spoke of the ancient magnificence of Jerusalem, of which she often read in the bible; telling her it lay in the ruins long since predicted by her rejected King—exhibiting the direful effects of rebellion against God and the Lamb.

Next to Asia, the pious exile dwelt on the history and situation of Switzerland, the land of his own birth. Mary was astonished to hear him tell of mountains piled on mountains, whose tops seem to reach the clouds, and are covered with perpetual snow;—of seas of ice between them, that are indissolvable throughout the year;—parted by numerous chasms, terrific to the eye; while the ear, assailed by

the roar of dashing cataracts, and the sound of descending torrents, has sympathy with the organ that beholds the scene.

The little girl appeared to tremble while she listened to her father's discourse; who, observing this emotion, omitted the far more dreadful part that is connected with the history of those mountains; even the falling of huge masses of ice and snow, loosened probably from their colossal brow, by the internal motion, that sometimes causes the mountains to burst. The destruction attending these scenes, was indeed too awful for a mind so young, yet so full of pensive thought as Mary Armly's, to view; for she could scarcely support the idea of such mountains existing at all, and ventured to ask her father, if God made them in the beginning, when he pronounced all things good?

It is possible he did not, my child, replied her father; they may be monumental of the curse incurred by man's transgression. The earth has been exposed to ruin on account of sin; and seems to revenge the wrongs done to her Creator, to whom she is subject, while

man rebels against him. She opens and shuts, bears fruit or is barren, at his word; and at his call would throw herself into a state of awful deformity. I am of opinion, Mary, that in the six days creation there was an assemblage of perfect beauty. I do not believe there was a thorn or briar, a stinking bog or barren heath, till poor man had mocked his Maker's law. I believe, that in his fall, he dragged the earth along with him into a state of confusion; and I also believe, that it will be finally purified by fire, and exhibit its primeval glory, when the purposes of God in man's redemption are all fulfilled. The earth was at the first prepared for man; and because it is involved by his transgression, must, like him, pass the ordeal of judgment from God:—Like man, too, it will be created again. All that was lost shall be restored; and the rubbish accumulated by the sin of its tenants be destroyed forever. Then shall it be fit for the residence of the Lamb's spotless church! Then will the New Jerusalem come down out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband, to re-possess her Eden, dressed in

eternal glory by the second Adam, her grand federal Head, her Spouse and her King.

O, Mary, in the new heavens may you shine! and in the new earth, the dwelling-place of righteousness, may you have a share, when the present world is vanished away. But you wish to ask me some question, I believe—speak my child.

Mary. I want you should tell me, father, how long before the world will be made over again.

Mr. Armly. Mary has forgotten, then, the words of our Lord, “that none but his Father knew the time.” The great Jehovah is pleased to keep it a secret, as to the season; but he has given his church militant the signs of its approach; whose watchmen are commanded to warn the wicked to repent, and the righteous to stand prepared for the day of judgment, that will certainly come; as the days of Noah; said the Son of God. Many religious writers have ventured to limit the world’s probation to six thousand years; but I cannot discover a “thus saith the Lord,” to bear up their testimony. They pretend to enumerate

days for years; and to measure the future by the past; reckoning upon the term of God's long-suffering to the old world that was destroyed by water; and setting up another mark at the birth of Jesus Christ, some learned men have fixed the commencement of the day of judgment immediately on the close of the twentieth century in the christian era. Such writers are, I fear, less prayerful, and more speculative than they should be; but I must be cautious of my judgment concerning the works of others, and watch for my Lord's return with unceasing prayer, that I may be ready to meet him when he cometh; "whether at evening, or noontide, at the cock crowing, or in the morning." He will come as a king first.

You are a child, my Mary, and it is natural for little minds to be inquisitive. I give you entire liberty to ask me questions on any subject that interests your inquiring mind. At the same time it is my duty to guard you from the indulgence of vain curiosity, especially in things that relate to God's decrees; and to inform you, that it is not agreeable to him, or

his beloved Son would not have given evasive replies to the ancient disciples on like occasions. It is a wise saying, my dear child, and one we should always remember, "that duty is ours, events belong to God." Seek his kingdom, Mary, and its righteousness, as the Savior commands; depending on his promise, that all things shall be added; all necessary knowledge and wisdom; every requisite good in this life, and abundant happiness in that which is to come.

Thus carefully did the Swiss florist cultivate the lovely moral plant entrusted to his care; digging about its root (the heart) with the preceptive spade; and watering every leaf and every bud (the faculties of her mind) with instructions suitable for a young candidate for immortality; adding an example in his daily walk, that was safe for her to imitate. His efforts were constantly blest; and with humble gratitude he acknowledged to his wife, that concerning their surviving child, he had not (thus far,) "labored in vain."


As to vital piety, said he, I do not believe that Mary is as yet in possession of the inval-

uable treasure. In every other respect she is all her parents could wish; obedient, affectionate, teachable and active, to a degree that exceeds my expectation of one so young; and far beyond myself at her age; though the *kingdom*, that is compared to a grain of mustard seed in its beginning, had really found a place in my soul, and commenced the good work in my heart. Let us be thankful for creative and preserving goodness on her behalf; and continue our exertions with added fervor in prayer, that she may be shortly, "born again."

A few weeks after the above remarks dropped from his pious lips, John Armly observed to Anna, that he was visited by solemn and singular impressions, that a separation was near at hand; saying, "I believe, Anna, I shall soon be dismissed from service in this lower world; or else my Lord and Master is trying my faith in him, in order to prove his unworthy servant, to reveal something that I have long prayed him to show me." It is this, continued he: I have desired to know for a certainty, "whether I was willing to leave

my wife and child behind me in a waste howling wilderness, (as this world appears to me,) if God should call me." Yesterday was the anniversary of my birth, and of our marriage; and while I was engaged in prayer with fasting, I received an answer to my prayer for a distinct revelation of the state of my will, in the particular I have mentioned; and, O! how can I ever praise my God enough. He showed me as in a glass, every corner of my heart, and displayed to my view the marvellous work of his grace and truth, that he had inscribed on my inward man, "thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." I was assured beyond a doubt, that I could as cheerfully leave you and Mary to his providential care, for the remainder of your lives, as I do for a single day, when my worldly business calls me to Bath. Thus was I set at liberty in an instant from a state of bondage through fear, that I was not an overcomer, such as the apostle John describes, because I had not the seal of victory. I can say now, "thanks be to God, that giveth me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Previous to this, I

have thought that perhaps, for me to abide in the flesh, is more needful for you and our child; but, that was merely a shadow. It has vanished from my mind; and I am satisfied that God can take care of you both, as well without, as with me. His address to Israel is constantly sounding in my soul, "leave thy fatherless child, and I will preserve her alive; and let thy widow trust in me." Also the saying of our blessed Lord, is impressed with weight and power upon my heart, "where I am, there also shall my servant be." Yesterday I commenced the thirty-ninth year of my existence. Perhaps its close may witness the breeze of sober autumn fanning the grass over my humble grave; nay, even the winds of its winter may whistle by the spot where my mortal part shall rest. I trust, my Anna, that you are prepared to meet the will of our heavenly Father, should he please to call for me. You recollect our united surrender of ourselves and each other, to his sovereign pleasure, in the solemn covenant we made with him, on the day of our marriage, before we entered St. Mary's chapel at Halcyon Villa,



and joined hands at the altar. The leading sentiment in the sacrifice we then offered unitedly to God, was this, "that it should be our care to live day by day in the spirit of that prayer 'thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.'" Yesterday I renewed the covenant for us both, by faith, that we are one; and as I have related to you, I received an assurance, that in me the prayer was fulfilled; and I am ready to depart and be with Christ, who hath said to me, "where I am, there shall my servant be."

He then spoke of the many blessings that had attended their union, that never in a single instance had their prayers been hindered. God and his holy angels have witnessed, said he, that we have endeavored to avoid living after the flesh;—that it has been our main object to "walk in the spirit," as well as to live therein; mortifying the deeds of the body, that our souls might thrive. We can review eleven years of married life; and four of our single capacity under one roof, without regret for disputes or affronts. Our fifteen years of acquaintance with each other, has been mark-

ed with good-will and christian regard. I first loved you, Anna, because you was a persecuted follower of Christ—an outcast from your paternal roof for his name sake. I have loved also the beauties of your mind and disposition, which our Redeemer hath adorned with his lamb-like gentleness; for which you appear to be thankful. I have cherished your person as God's temple, that he will refine in the grave; striving to bear in mind, that marriage between believers is represented in scripture as emblematical of a great mystery, even Christ's union with his church. With regard to a separation, I believe that the last enemy can do no more than to part our persons; and God will never lessen our union in the spirit. Therefore, if I should be removed out of your natural sight, mourn not as those who have no hope; only travel on steadily in the order of faith, and we shall still be one, in all things that are essential to the children of God. Perhaps when I have lost the shackles of dull mortality, when my spirit has forsaken her mean clay, I may afford you far stronger aid in the divine life, than it would be possible for a

mere "prisoner of hope" to do. We unitedly believe in the communion of saints, and fellowship in the spirit. They cannot be dormant when a partition wall is raised by the hand of death between our bodies, any more than when we are parted to-morrow, while I am gone to Bath, and you remain at home. Though I shall cease to pray with you when I leave this world, you will not cease from praising the Lord. In that exercise of divine love, we can unite, "you below and I above, till all your work upon earth is done, and you join me again in the angelical life, forever and ever, in a world without end."

He then spoke some moments concerning Mary, who was in a quiet sleep on her little cot: saying of her, she is a tender flower, Anna—should her father die, it is probable you may suffer considerably in seeing her droop and mourn; but I entreat of you to be firm. She is old enough now to understand her duty to God, in sustaining the strokes of his whip, that will only be laid on, to drive her to him. She hangs too fondly upon earth; this earth, said he, laying his hands upon his breast, that

must dissolve and fall. He observed, that none but the omniscient power that searcheth the heart, could know the travel of his soul for hers; and how difficult to restrain his desires for her conversion, within the bounds of true submission. I have done all I could, added he, to forward this all-important object; and I rest on the inspired testimony, "Paul may plant, and Apollos water; but it is God who giveth the increase." I have no doubts harassing my mind now, said he, about this dear child. All is well. Her Maker and Redeemer, will visit her with salvation. This faith is the gift of my indulgent God, imparted through tender compassion to paternal solicitude; for "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Should I be removed from earth while Mary is in a state of nature, you will of course have occasion to use your valuable gift in religious instruction more than you have done; and if you are faithful, I believe your reward will be great in heaven.

He then spoke a few words concerning their temporal affairs, observing, that he "owed

no man ;"—that his little cottage and gardens were free of any incumbrance whatever, that affected his title; and in case of emergency, said he, might sell for three hundred pounds sterling, in its present order. Therefore, I must particularly request of you, (should widowhood be your portion) to lose no time in disposing of these grounds, as it would not be possible for you to take suitable care of them; neither will they support you when I am gone. I should advise you to dispose of the cottage, also; and remove to the village. In long winter nights, this dwelling is too retired for a timid slender woman, and a small girl, like our dove-like Mary. As to any thing more, I leave you to choose for yourself; only, that I wish Mary to be fitted for a teacher, as her abilities are good, her mind remarkably strong, and her little body is too delicate to expose to hard laborious service. Should I be spared to instruct her, I shall continue her retired life a few years more. If she is left fatherless, you will do the best you can for her; and God will direct you.

But see the moonbeams, Anna, just aiming

at my two o'clock mark. I have really talked away my sleeping hours. It is time for me to rise and prepare for my journey to Bath, as I have more business than usual to transact to day. Four druggists are in my debt; and all of them promised to pay me in full this day. I have sixteen different herbs, and a quantity of each, to carry to market, I believe my chamomile holds out good fifty weight, and saffron forty. I have twenty pots of flowers prepared for the new hotel, in which are plants that I plucked in the fields, before little John fell asleep in death's cold arms. The proprietor of that great establishment has fitted up a room for a romantic invalid countess, and he engaged twenty pots of flowers of me, at five shillings a-piece. Mary does not know they are going to day. I expect she will miss them:— I think that child has watered them daily for three years; and I wish you to tell her, that I shall purchase for her a neat book-case, and some very choice books with the money that I get for the plants.

John Armly usually rose at four, except on his market days, when he was up two hours

earlier, that his morning devotions might not be intruded upon by the concerns of time.

He always requested Anna not to rise on these occasions, except to button the outside door of the cottage, when he departed, as her health was extremely delicate; and ever since little John died she had been subject to a nervous head-ache, that sometimes confined her to the bed for two or three days.

This morning he requested her to rise and join him in prayer. "I do not know, said the good man—I do not know what to think of my present feelings; but let us unite in calling upon God. Afterward he remarked, that often he had prayed that he might experience in himself, the entire verification of his Redeemer's words, "Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of; and with the baptism that I am baptized, shall ye be baptized with-all;" and now, said he, I believe I am near to its accomplishment: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful:" I seem to be entering the gate of gloomy Gethsemane, to mingle with my Savior's sorrows, and to re-echo his prayer, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass

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from me;" yet, I see no cup, he added:—what is before me, God only knows; but I must believe he is premonishing me of approaching sufferings, that will exceed all my past warfare.

Anna was (at the moment when her dear husband paused) in a state of amazement. She revered his great faith, and its fruits in his godly conversation, and exemplary life. She ever gave heed to impressions that were made upon his mind, believing the finger of God rested therein; and trusting, that no "delusion of satan" was permitted to find an avenue to a heart so pure, that appeared walled around by sanctifying grace. She was habitually silent while he was speaking upon any subject, not seeking an opportunity to proclaim her own opinion, at every pause on his heaven governed lips; for she was aware of his high superiority, and exalted spiritual gifts, that fitted him to teach "young men and babes, old men and fathers;" much more myself, said, she, "that am the meanest worm called human." During his lengthy discourse the past night, she had not uttered a word. She

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listened, and wept! But as he paused some moments, after uttering the word "warfare," she ventured to ask, "if his journey to Bath could not be postponed one day more?" adding, that it was exceeding painful to her, to see him leave his house, to go among strangers, in such a state of mind. "Thy quiet home, John, is a little sanctuary;" but the open world is an Aceldama. Here thou mayest give the whole day to prayer, unmolested by the world's careless din; and after the manner "which some call heresy, we will together worship the God of our fathers." My boding heart seems to hold thee back, impelling me to say, "Do not go from home this morning;"—and she wept.

Duty calls me, Anna.—I promised my customers at Bath, and along the road, that I would come (God willing) on this day; and I must keep my word. A person who fails in the fulfilment of an engagement, in his power to keep, offends God and man. My wagon is loaded, and I must go, to make sale of its contents. Travelling and business do not hinder the operation of inward prayer. My Re-

deemer will see to that; for I am certain, "my life is hid with him in God." "I know in whom I have believed; and that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him," against that day, when he shall call me to give an account of my stewardship.

He then observed, "the moon is almost down; and day will soon break through the eastern cloud. I must hasten away; and shall return as early in the evening as I can." He hastily stepped into their little bed room, looked for a moment at the sleeping Mary, softly whispered, May heaven bless and angels guard thee; shook hands with his tearful, but again silent Anna, begged of her to take some rest, while Mary remained asleep—said farewell, and went his way.

Anna buttoned the door, and taking the bible in her trembling hands, she opened to the fifth chapter of Matthew, and her eye was caught to the eighth verse, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."—She read the chapter, and closed the book. Again her hand unfolded the inspired volume, and she met these words: "For I reckon that the

sufferings of this present time, are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." She contemplated the passage, and thought upon the writer's warfare in his apostleship to the Gentiles—his devotion to the cross of Christ—his manifold afflictions, and patience in bearing them all, even hailing martyrdom as the gate opening to glory. How unworthy I am, thought she, of the name christian. Methinks the holy apostle chides my effeminate disposition, my fearful heart, my sluggish soul! I seem to be shrinking from suffering, ere the assault is made. O! for a heart to meet all the extremities of grief, that in sovereign Wisdom's righteous allotments may yet be my portion! And she opened the bible again, and glanced her tearful eye upon the fifteenth verse of Psalm eighty-six, "But thou, Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth." That is an appeal suitable for me, exclaimed Anna. It is strong enough to bear up my fainting soul; and I will use it as my own plea for sanctifying grace.

Mary now called for her mother, to inquire if "dear father" was gone. The name thrilled through every fibre of Anna's heart, and wrung (she knew not why) her soul with agony. She went to the child, whose bright dark eyes, unclosed from quiet sleep, met her's with a glance of love that went strait to the aching spot, and seemed to rival grief in her maternal breast. She thought within herself, "happy child, to awake with a cherubic smile, that says to grief away." I must try to be cheerful for her sake.

Mother, said Mary, may I sing to you the morning hymn I learnt yesterday? it is very pretty.

Yes, child, replied Mrs. Armly; only I beg of thee to remember, that thy heart should be engaged as well as thy voice.

Mary began, while her hands were crossed upon her bosom, and her eyes were raised to heaven, with an expression suited to the commencement of her song.

THE HYMN.

Will angels condescend,
To join my early song!
And Christ, my childhood's friend,

Inspire my heart and tongue,
To praise his great and glorious name,
Holy, heavenly, spotless Lamb !

I laid me down and slept,
Beneath his watchful eye ;
He hath in safety kept,
E'en such a child as I ;
Whose song of praise He'll not disdain,
Tho' far below his love, the strain.

Thanks be to kindest love,
That strews along my path,
Sweet favors from above,
While loving Jesus saith.....
My kingdom is of children made,
Then let them come to me for aid.

His call I would obey,
Taught by my parents dear ;
And seek the narrow way,
With constant humble prayer,....
Ere childhood's morning sun is fled,
And all its blooming flowers are dead.

There is a fairer morn,
And brighter sun than this ;
The righteous hail its dawn,
And share its fadeless bliss....
That morn is heaven, the Lamb its Sun,
That shines while endless ages run.

O, Jesus, lovely Love !
Bestow on my young heart,
The graces of thy Dove,
And watching power impart ;
That I may be prepared to view,
Thy face with joy and rapture too.

The melody of Mary's voice was sweeter to the maternal ear, than the softest strains of the Hebrew lyre (she thought) could possibly have been, when the ruddy boy from Bethlehem came, to charm dull melancholy away from the Jewish court, and hush portending sounds of woe in the breast of its ambitious king. By the time Mary finished her artless anthem, the countenance of her mother was serene as usual ; for her mind was composed to peace again, and she inwardly breathed toward heaven the firm resolve of Israel's evangelic prophet, "I will trust and not be afraid ; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song."

Mary read the morning lesson, appointed by her father, beneath whose pencil mark she saw these words on a piece of writing paper, attached to the leaf with a pin, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things.".....The tenth chapter of Matthew was

thus distinguished by her devoted father ; and bore the mark of tears as well as the strokes of a pencil. Mary removed the paper from the book to her bosom, saying, " dear father wrote this after I went to bed, when he looked out the lesson ;" and then she read the chapter in a sweet, distinct and clear voice, with the seriousness of a woman and a saint. The thirty-second, thirty-eighth, and thirty-ninth verses, were subjects of her peculiar inquiry, and she begged her mother to explain their meaning.

" Read the sentence on the paper, child," said Mrs. Armly.

Mary drew the precious scrip from its tender depository, and read again, " open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things." And what does this mean, mother ? asked the sweet child.

Mrs. Armly. It is a quotation, Mary, from the hundred and nineteenth Psalm ; and contains a prayer for divine aid to accompany the reading of the Word or law of Jehovah. David, the son of Jesse, who was an elect king over Israel to fulfil all the counsel of God, came to

a temporal throne through a suffering path, and ascended that seat of honor in the spirit of faith, that said, "God is my strength and power, who girded me with strength to battle, brought me forth from mine enemies, lifted me up on high above them that rose against me, delivering me from the violent man." He was desirous to please God, who had done these great things for him; and therefore he prayed for understanding of the divine law, that his adoration and obedience might meet its demands. He believed that on his heart it was written; and prayed that his intellectual powers might be anointed with the healing eye-salve, that restores the faculty of beholding "wondrous things," in order, as I said before, that he might glorify God, as a servant, as a ruler, and as a prophet of the Lord. It is a very lengthy and devout psalm, full of arguments and pleas for understanding of the divine law, and ability to keep it. Thy father's design in placing it on thy lesson was this—to excite thy attention to the example of king David, who felt such entire dependence on divine illumination, and applied to

the right source for instruction in the way of righteousness, even the fountain of truth, whose pure waters heal the awful wound made in the understanding of man at his fall. He said to me last evening, "when Mary was four years old, I gave her liberty to look to me for light upon the scripture; and I discover that she is resting there to this day. It is time for her to advance farther, even to God, and to seek for immediate aid from him. I shall leave a verse originally written by her favorite old Testament character, the young shepherd of Bethlehem, with her lesson for to-morrow morning. As I shall be absent, (providence permitting) no doubt, but she will ask you some questions; and I wish you to take up my testimony, and lead her young mind in the safe and sure path, where David and all the saints of old found rest. Tell her to inquire of God."

Little Mary was all attention to her new preacher, for such might her mother be called, whose extreme diffidence of her own abilities, and exalted opinion of her husband's, had hitherto kept her in the back ground, as it

were ; that hitherto when applied to by Mary, for information upon the scriptures, she had invariably referred to Mr. Armly ; saying, “ask thy father, my child ;—he will tell thee what is his opinion—I think he knows better than me.”

There is, perhaps, no readier antidote to perplexing care about an absent friend, or concerning doubtful prospects of the future moments that seem to be coming to us with griefs in their hand, than some useful and noble employ—some “labor of love,” that has God and heaven for its grand objects ;” that seeks not her own pleasure or ease, but “another’s good ;” especially the welfare of a soul, that may, by human instrumentality, be added to the stars that glisten in the many crowns of Emanuel. Mary’s mother found it so at this time. As she watered the tender plant before her with assiduous care, her own mind was comforted and refreshed ; and the offices of devotion were succeeded by a cheerful breakfast scene, in which Mary seemed to be a ministering angel, as well as a docile scholar.

After breakfast Mary asked leave to get out her spinning wheel, reminding her mother of a promise, that she should begin to learn on this day. Mrs. Armly was self-taught in this part of domestic economy, by observing its operations at a farm-house in the hamlet, where she sometimes spent an hour in conversing with the venerable mother of its owner, a pious widow of three-score years; and she had procured a foot wheel and flax for Mary, that she might learn to spin thread to make garden nets, that were necessary to secure the fruit from too great encroachments by the birds, that crowded in flocks to feast at Jessamine lawn.

The wheel was prepared, and Mary eagerly attended to her mother's tuition; exerting her docile genius on a favorite object, even to save her "dear father" the expense of buying thread. In a few hours she learned to draw the flax out, and keep her wheel in motion, supplying the spindle with thread, that would have done credit to some older hand in the business; and when Sol had attained the meridian of his march, Mrs. Armly wound on a

reel, almost a knot of even-spun thread, the last part of Mary's half day labor, and said it would answer some purpose or other ; adding, that she thought Mary might begin from that time, to spin for her netting needle, and that she was much pleased to see her so handy at her new work.

The day passed quietly along with the industrious cottagers ; and time in his progress left behind him traces of their faithfulness in the improvement of the day. Mrs. Armly had set her humble dwelling in the nicest order possible ; and Mary had spun half a skein of good thread for netting.

The sun declined to the west, and Mary began to look out for her father's return. She was delighted with the prospect of having a book-case and some new books ; telling her mother, that she intended to keep them in very nice order, &c. But, O, added this devoted child, O mother, nothing is so sweet as to see my dear, dear father again, after he has been gone a whole day. He calls me his exotic plant, when I weep for joy at his

return. What does that word "exotic" mean? mother.

It means foreign, my dear, said Mrs. Armly. Thy father did not intend it as a compliment neither. He says, till thou art truly converted to Jesus, he shall view thee as an alien from the commonwealth of Israel. He longs to see thee transplanted in the garden of grace, Mary.

It was to crush the little weed of egotism, that Anna saw in this inquiry of her daughter's, she thus replied. Mary's parents were particularly averse, that *self* should be the subject of her conversation in this way; and Mrs. Armly was, in the present instance, not a little surprised, as she never heard her husband make this remark of Mary in the child's presence. She almost involuntarily inquired, "but when did thy father call thee his 'exotic plant,' Mary?"

After some hesitation, Mary replied, "the other night when he came to bed. Father moved my cot farther from the window, that he might leave it open a little way; and he said I must not lay in the night air. He said

he would endeavor to take good care of his little exotic flower."

And how happened Mary to be awake at that moment? inquired Mrs. Armly.

The little girl bent her eyes toward the floor for an instant, then raising them again, she looked at her mother with solemnity, and replied, "it was the day in the month on which my little brother died. I had been thinking of him all day; and after I went to bed, I thought about him; and I could not go to sleep; but my eyes were shut, for I did not wish you and father to know I could not sleep, as I thought it might worry you."

This artless speech affected the tender mother, and drew a silent tear from her eye, that Mary kissed away; saying, dear mother do not mourn for little John—he is a sweet angel now—I did not, mother, when I lay awake. I was thinking how happy he was; and how beautiful he must look since he was changed; for O, he was such a pretty creature before. But see, dear mother, the sun is just down. Will not my father come soon?

That I do not know, child, said the anxious

wife of John Armly. Doubtless he will come as soon as possible; for thy father is no loiterer, while the secret sigh, ah! why does he not return at this accustomed hour, almost burst forth from her lips.

Their frugal supper was prepared, but not tasted by the anxious expectants of their loved one's return. Mary said she had never sat at the supper table without her father; and she plead for liberty to wait, and to sit up till he came home. Her little bosom was the seat of filial love; and literally, at the present, it had no rival there. Its devotion seemed rather more fixed on her father; but she revered and fondly loved her mother too.

Ah! loving child of the best of earthly fathers! sad, sad is the tale of thy early woes! Adversity is hovering near to thy path, whose clouds will be visible to thy eye, and burst upon thy young head at once!

The evening closed heavily at Jessamine lawn. No father or husband, there appeared, whose quiet smile and gracious speech, were wont to excite the purest pleasure, earth on her list of human joys can boast. The full

moon rose in her majesty, and marched along the sky, unrivalled by a host of glittering stars, that seemed to own her empress of the silent hour!—the air was unusually serene, and all without the cottage was hushed to peace; that peace which nature claims, through all her kingdoms as the time for rest. Ah! how often is she mocked by wrinkled sorrow, older than the flood; who, proud to disturb and zealous to intrude, heeds not her borrowed glory, nor all the signs she gives for balmy sleep, to close the human eye, and give repose to man!

Mrs. Armly observed to her daughter, that it must be ten o'clock, by the rising of the moon; and that she wished "Mary would relinquish her hope of seeing her father that night." He must be unexpectedly detained, said she, and may not arrive for an hour to come. He might disapprove of my indulging thy desire to see him to night; for he often tells me, I ought to teach thee self-denial by command, as well as by precept and example. Thy health may suffer by sitting up; and I shall reproach myself for not obeying thy fa-

ther, who has desired me never to keep thee up after eight o'clock. Do, my daughter, drink thy bowl of milk, and then be composed to offer thy prayers to God, and go to bed. I hope thy waking eyes will at once salute the morn's return, and thy dear father's face behold again.

Mary obeyed. Her father's order she never designedly broke—her mother's indulgence she desired not to abuse. The milk was swallowed, after a blessing was invoked and thanksgiving offered—the mother and child knelt by the little cot, and prayed—Mary's head was laid on her pillow—Mrs. Armly begging of her to go to sleep.

The moon (our cottagers' nightly clock) gave the midnight sign to Anna's watchful eye, and still no husband returned. How intently she listened for the sound of wagon wheels to roll along the green lane leading to the cottage door; and often imagined she heard its approach. The passing hours witnessed a repetition of disappointment to her hopes, and increased her alarm and distress. With the sincerity of a watchful christian,

she desired to be patient and resigned, while waiting at the "post of expectation," that grew more awful every hour; and earnestly prayed to be prepared for every thing that she must meet in the order of an overruling power, that is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind;" "that doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

At length the morn returned—the sun rose, the birds carrolled—the flowers sparkled with dew, and all nature seemed to hail the newborn day, with sympathy for Aurora's blush in the east, rather than for Mrs. Armly's pale and tearful cheeks; who by this time felt herself obliged to judge that sudden calamity had been suffered to fall on her husband; who never tarried from home a moment longer than necessity obliged him to do. "O! what can have befallen him, exclaimed the distressed woman! what can have happened thus long to detain him from his peaceful home?"

Mary awoke too, asking for her dear father.

He is not returned, my child, said Mrs. Armly; and we must take it patiently, as fretting will avail nothing. It is our duty and

privilege to hope for the best and prepare for the worst. Mary must repeat the hymn, entitled "Omnipresence of Deity," as the opening of her devotions this morning. It is short, but very good.

The poor little girl commenced with a melancholy look, and said the following lines :

God is present every where,
In heaven and earth, in sea and air,
O'er mountain tops, in valleys low,
Where the lofty forests bow ;
In blackest night or noon day clear,
God is present every where.

In the dashing torrent's roar,
Or th' threat'ning tempest's power....
In the fragrant breeze of spring,
With the birds of loftiest wing,
Sun, and moon, and stars declare,
God is present every where.

Most delightful is the thought,
Saints cannot go where God is not
Present, to guard them by his power,
In every scene and every hour;
Even in death's cold arms they sing,
Our souls are safe beneath his wing.

Mrs. Armly and Mary kneeled together

before the Lord, and offered their humble prayers for divine succor in this trying hour, and for wisdom to direct their way, that seemed to be opening upon a thorny desert, dark and drear to their view.

I have prepared some chocolate for our breakfast this morning, said the tender hearted Anna to her beloved child. Thy light supper must be followed by a nourishing meal; and see, Mary, what a nice cream cake mother has made for thee. Now sit down and partake with me of these good things provided for our bodily sustenance, with grateful hearts; and afterward I will go over to farmer Lovering's, to make inquiries about thy dear father. William Lovering was to go in company with him yesterday.

The breakfast was soon over, and Mrs. Armly directed Mary to sit in the little bedroom while she went to the farmer's, and study her bible lesson, that was appointed by her mother now; who said, I will return as quick as possible, and hope I shall bear hopeful tidings of thy beloved father.

With anxious mind and hasty steps, Mrs.

Armly made her way to the farmer's door, where she was met by the eldest daughter, who was just coming out, to seek at Jessamine lawn for information concerning William, who had not returned from market. Her father and mother, she said, were gone a journey to the north, and expected to visit her maternal grand parents at York. They had all been very much worried about William, she said, who was subject to falling fits, on which account he planned his business at Bath, to go with Mr. Armly. The alarm now increased on hearing the latter was also missing; and Mrs. Armly became so much agitated, that she was very near fainting away.

What is best to do, inquired the trembling woman? I cannot say, replied Sophia Lovering—our horses are both gone, and I have no person to send, except my brother James, who is but ten years old. But Mrs. Armly, added the good natured girl, you must rest a while here, and take a little of mother's balm wine. It is an innocent cordial, and will remove your faintness.

Mrs. Armly thanked her very kindly; but declined taking any, or even stopping to rest, as she said Mary was left by herself in the cottage, and she promised to return as soon as possible. I know of no remedy for my trouble, added the saint-like woman, but humble trust in that good Being, whose eye is upon my righteous partner, and whose ear is open to hear his prayers, with mine also, and every humble cry addressed to his merciful name.

Sophia Lovering was penetrated by this unaffected display of ardent piety, in a time of suspense and conflict; and thought, surely, this woman is akin to angels, and really looks like one. She promised to come over to the cottage, after she had been to the vicarage, and asked Mr. Leslie's advice what they had best do.

In about two hours after Mrs. Armly returned home, the friendly vicar entered the cottage door. He appeared struggling to conceal an agitation of mind, that, however, almost convulsed his frame; and Mrs. Armly instantly thought he was the bearer of melancholy tidings. She set a chair for him, and

faintly asked, if he had heard from her husband and William Lovering.

"I have, my dear Mrs. Armly, replied the vicar; am come to tell you——His voice faltered—and he paused——

Tell me, kind sir, exclaimed Mrs. Armly, tell me——is my husband dead? ——

Curate. He is not dead; but——he is in a state of great trial. I must confess that my feelings are too deeply interested for him and you, and my philosophy too weak for me to perform my present task with propriety. But I must not harrow up your soul by suspense. Therefore, look to your tender hearted Savior for support, while I inform you, that our beloved John is carried off by a press-gang, that assaulted him and William Lovering about five miles from the hamlet. William has just returned to his father's. The fright he was in, by such an unexpected disaster, brought on an epileptic fit, and he was left on the high way. When he came to himself he was entirely alone, without horse, wagon or money; and not having strength to travel, he lay down by a fence at the road side, where he

fell asleep.—It is probable that your husband will absolutely refuse to go on board a ship of war; and I am satisfied there is not a commander in the British navy that will eventually force him to submit. I have some hope that he will be liberated and return to us again, though with loss of property, which is to you both an inconsiderable object, in your state of advancement toward that kingdom of unfading treasures, that is secured to the saints by the power and grace of its omnipotent King.

The vicar then asked for his little cherub, (meaning Mary) as she was not in the room.

Mrs. Armly replied, that she was gleaning the sage beds, for I saw thee coming toward the house, and felt desirous to converse about my husband's absence: I thought it best for her not to hear, and I sent her into the garden. I am truly thankful I did. The tidings she must have heard, would probably have overcome her tender feelings. If there is a probability of her father's release, I should prefer keeping her in suspense respecting his present condition; but I will refer to thy opin-

ion also, and request thy advice. I shall not use any insincere evasion in doing this; but merely tell her, that her father is detained for some time away from home; and that she will know on what account when he returns—that she must be quiet and seek the Lord.

Just then the dear little gleaner entered the room; and after courtesying to the vicar, she in a low voice addressed her mother with the anxious question, “does Mr. Lillie know any thing about poor dear father?”

He does, my child, replied Mrs. Armly. Thy father is unexpectedly detained from us; but our kind informer expresses a belief that he will return by and by. My Mary will endeavor to be quiet and patient, and seek more earnestly her Redeemer’s love. Here is quite a handsome gleanings, added the prudent mother; (desirous to wave the inquiries that seemed to speak in Mary’s expressive eyes,) we must carry this basket of sage over to the vicarage, Mary, and present it to the good lady there.

The vicar offered his thanks; and rising to

go, he said, "I will call again to-morrow, by divine leave."

But our prolixity may offend the reader, who is held in suspense as to the ultimity of John Armly's arrest, by a rude unprincipled crew, employed to force men into the naval service, ushering the conscientious and retired peasant, into the horrid scenes of war upon the mighty deep. We will mention the sad result. About two weeks after our florist was missing from his beloved home, the vicar went to Bath, hoping to obtain information concerning his pious friend. The countenance, voice, manner and expressions of John Armly, were altogether superior to the common peasantry of England. Amid his unaffected humility shone the gentleman; and every person who conversed with him, involuntarily accorded to him that title; and especially the vicar, who once ventured to hint even to John himself, that he believed he was nobly born, and highly bred. His constant reserve on this subject was, however, an insuperable barrier to the indulgence of friendly curiosity; and secresy veiled the

origin of John, as well as the cause of his leaving Switzerland at the early age of nineteen, to return there no more. The vicar thought that John would attract peculiar notice wherever he appeared, particularly on an occasion that must elicit his uncommon powers of christian eloquence, while maintaining his rectitude in refusing to learn the art of war. He was satisfied that coercive measures would fail to frighten, or flatteries to allure, a mind so firmly planted on the rock of ages as John Armly's; and he believed an interest in his favor would be engendered in the heart of the commander, to whose power the pious florist might be delivered, by that irresistible Spirit, who hath "all hearts in his hands and can turn them whithersoever he will." Ah! thought the good man, as he was travelling to Bath, the God of winds and waves, will never suffer a war vessel to leave Britain's isle with that holy man on board. But I think, murmured he, that I shall see his name in some of the London papers. The impression is fastened upon my mind with

clear conviction, unshaded by a single doubt to the contrary.

Immediately on his arrival at Bath, he resorted to the invalid reading room, and solicited an attendant who knew him, the favor of a sight of the late London, Portsmouth and Liverpool papers. His request was granted, and he commenced the search. Soon, alas! did the name meet his eye, the name he so ardently desired to see connected with tidings of peace. The following paragraph announced, indeed, the emancipation of John Armly from human shackles of every kind, and sufferings of every name. The vicar read with overflowing eyes—"To all whom it may concern: Died at Portsmouth, on the third ultimo, John Armly, a resident near ———— village in Wiltshire. His disorder was an inflammatory fever. His dying scene witnessed apostolic faith. His last words were, 'I am in heaven already: all glory to the Lamb!' The editors of the Chronicle, London and Bath Journal, are requested to insert this notice."

All is over, then, exclaimed the vicar, all is over that relates to John's sufferings. He is

in glory, his wife is a widow, and Mary a fatherless child. I must bear to them the solemn tidings. May God assist me in the performance of this painful task.

In closing this chapter, the reception given to these heart rending tidings by Mrs. Armly, is deserving the highest praise that can justly be awarded to a mortal. She appeared to bend with meekest submission beneath the dire stroke; and kissed the lacerating rod. The faithful curate was overcome with admiring surprise, and deepest christian sympathy, as he marked the full submission of this amiable sufferer, standing immovable in the divine will, and quietly enduring the heart-pelting tempest that poured widowhood and poverty upon her innocent head. Surely, said he to Mrs. Lillie, (who had borne him company in the mournful task of reporting John Armly's decease at Jessamine lawn,) surely this woman's behavior illustrates the poet's high declaration:

“ ——— Though perils should abound
As thick as thought can make them, and appear
In forms more horrid, Yet the christian,

As doth the rock against the chiding flood,
Would the approach of this wild river break,
And stand secure —————”

Yes, said Mrs. Lillie; and it, methinks, adds a gem to her heavenly crown, on which her departed husband may be allowed to gaze, amid the glories of that blest world, where “God shall wipe away every tear.”

Well, said the vicar, we have seen the scripture fulfilled to day, which saith, “the righteous shall never be moved.”

CHAPTER IV.



“The clouds return.....”

POOR little Mary—weeping fatherless child—hard was the struggle in her tender bosom, to restrain her grief, and imitate her mother's calm demeanor in this perilous hour. Her delicate frame sympathized too deep with her spirit for its strength, and she fell sick in about two weeks subsequent to hearing of her father's death. A nervous fever threatened to wear out the slender thread that bound Mary to mortality, and dissolve the only tie that confined her mother's heart in the least degree to earth. Mrs. Armly nursed and watched over her child with unremitted care, both night and day, without physician or nurse, but herself; respectfully and gratefully refusing other aid, especially in the medical line, as she said her child's bodily complaint was the consequence of their late bereavement, and when nature had exhausted herself

by sorrow, time must be given her to recruit. "I have resigned my child," said she to Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, who visited the cottage daily while Mary was confined to the bed, "I have resigned my child entirely to the sovereign disposal of her Redeemer and God. Let him who sent her, resume the possession of his gift, if it seemeth good in his sight. He knows what is best for me and my child. I do not hold her by the slenderest wish of *self*. All I plead on the subject of recovery is, the glory of God. If it will be for thy glory, blessed Savior, if it will redound to thy praise to spare her life, I will thank thy holy name; or if it seem better to thee to take her now, then let thy will be done." In this even balance is discovered, the genuine weight of gospel grace. There was no lack of maternal love, nor the least superfluity of that tender passion in Mrs. Armly's breast. Her mind was heavenly, her heart pure; and her spirit could see God. She was indeed purified in the Jerusalem furnace; and every day advanced higher in the fruit unto holiness, yet sunk deeper in humility! depth at the foot of the cross, giving con-

tinual demonstration to all who saw her, that to woman's praise the Hebrew lyre might wake again in the prophet's song.

“ The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in the beams of night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.”

Mary, however, revived again. She was a chosen vessel unto the suffering cross, whose glory she must confess in a life worthy of the christian name, ere she is to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and enter the city of God. Her recovery was slow, but sure; and at the close of sober autumn, when the yellow foliage was strewed upon the ground, little Mary was able to walk out with her mother, and inhale the fresh breeze of morn, that seemed to kiss her lily cheek, and lament in hoarse murmurs the flight of sweetest roses that once blushed there. She talked about her dear father, little John, and her grandmother Hallett, (whom not having seen she loved,) and observed, that she wanted to go where they were gone—when you go, mother, added she, with a look of love on that

dear friend, who was now her only joy in this vale of tears.

Mary's convalescence was a signal to Mrs. Armly, that she must attend now on worldly business, which concerned their subsistence for the body; and she related to Mr. Lillie, her husband's discourse on this subject, the last night he passed beneath his peaceful roof.

"I do not intend to burden thy mind with my meaner cares, said the pious widow; but I thought it my duty to acquaint thee with my late husband's directions to me, whose counsel, under God, was my safe guide for sixteen years; and who is still, I trust, permitted to administer the instructions of wisdom to my inward mind. I wish to keep close to his testimony, by which, "being dead, he yet speaketh" to my heart.

Mr. Lillie assured Mrs. Armly, that he would gladly divide her cares, and assist to bear her burdens. As a watchman I am to warn, said he, as a pastor to comfort the people of God, and as a friend to succor them all in my power. My temporal means are small, and I am poorer than the flock I

lead ; but the little I possess is at the service of my Lord's saints, as far as they will go."

He further observed, that Mrs. Armly had best advertise her little estate immediately in the Bath papers ; and soon as a purchaser appeared, she must consent to remove with his little cherub, to the vicarage, where they were welcome to abide through the winter.

O, this is christian friendship, indeed ! exclaimed the grateful woman, and this the principle that crowns profession with honor ! But I cannot accept thy noble offer, except thou will promise to receive us as humble boarders. I ought not, I am certain I ought not to do it upon other terms, except (she added) you need my personal services and Mary's also.

Well, do not be anxious about these things, replied the good man. Heaven will take care of Mrs. Lillie and me, and our two dear children (here a briny drop started from his eye) are safely housed in a celestial abode. But shall we attend to business ? Show me your deed of the land, and I will save you the trouble of writing the advertisement, which I can do in a letter to a particular friend of mine at

Bath, who will attend to its publishment immediately.

Mrs. Armly accepted this open friendly offer; and now for the first time approached her husband's chest to turn the key; which was, however, in his day, stationary in the lock. She found the deed in a small locker at the end of the chest, with some other papers, one of them sealed, and marked "No. 1, for my daughter Mary—not to be opened till she passes her fifteenth year." The hand is cold, whispered the pious widow, the hand is cold that wrote this—'tis hid beneath the clods of the valley; but—his spirit is warm, she added, and it glows with seraphic ardor, amid those everlasting burnings, in which dwell the just made perfect.

In less than a fortnight after the cottage and gardens of the late John Armly were advertised for sale, his widow received a letter from the former owner of the land, stating that he wished to re-possess it, and would buy the buildings also. The reason, he said, for his doing this, was a fear of being injured by a successor to John Armly, to whom he sold

the land, on account of the recommendations he held from sir William Saville. "I found him a just man, added the writer—my wood, my fences, and all my surrounding fields were sacred in his view, as the property of another. He is gone—and I wish to purchase his well earned estate; and then take time to choose his successor as I please."

The matter was soon accomplished as to the sale: the buyer paid for the estate in notes of hand, upon interest; as he observed, his trading vessels were all at that time ploughing the deep, and contained his whole capital of personal property—that he should be obliged to hire the money on usury, and wished Mrs. Armly to wait upon him a few weeks only, when she should have the pay, with a handsome present, beside the interest daily accumulating upon his notes of hand.

Mrs. Armly made no objections, but the vicar thought it a great risque; and observed, he was sorry she had bargained with a wild speculator on the dangerous element, that often swallowed thousands of gold and silver. I say, "wild speculator," he added;

because, while his personal property is risked upon the high seas, he is running himself in a widow's debt for real estate. However, I shall get "lookers on" at Bristol, to give me timely notice, should there be any absolute necessity to recover your late property out of his hands.

The next thing to be considered, related to the removal of Mrs. Armly and Mary from Jessamine lawn. Its purchaser indeed observed, there was no kind of necessity for their leaving till the spring returned; and he should prefer giving the rent to detain them, till he could find a careful tenant; but Mr. and Mrs. Lillie would not consent to this measure. It was too lonely a residence for a feeble woman and a slender child—they must come under their roof—no denial could be taken on this head. Mrs. Armly confessed that she must remove, according to her late husband's desire, and she finally accepted the invitation of her benevolent friends, the worthy vicar and his amiable wife.

The last painful consideration with Mrs. Armly, was Mary's leaving her native cot-

tage, to which her little heart had been so fondly attached in days that were past. Her surprise even exceeded her satisfaction, on discovering that the little girl met the exchange of residence, without a word or even look of regret; and when asked if she was really willing to quit the spot entirely, her reply was, "I am ready to go any where with my dear mother."

At the vicarage our cottagers passed a quiet winter, Mrs. Armly ripening for heaven, and Mary improving daily in useful knowledge. Mr. Lillie succeeded her dear father in the office of tutor, under whose direction Mary pursued her English studies, with the addition of the Hebrew language, a branch of learning that the vicar excluded from the codes called human; saying, its author was divine, and in studying it, the pupil had an opportunity of conversing with patriarchs, and understanding the prophets of ancient days.

But, alas! where is the end of sorrows for Zion's pilgrims, but in the silent grave? A scene of affliction was opened at the vicarage, just as the May blossoms began to wave, and

spring's soft breeze fanned the young foliage, where the birds sweetly carolled their welcome to the season of love. The worthy vicar was thrown from his horse, and ruptured a vital blood-vessel, that caused a violent hæmoptysis, by which his life was speedily reduced to so low an ebb, that dissolution was expected every hour. The hamlet became altogether a scene of lamentation. Scores of the artless rustics that composed Mr. Lillie's flock, came daily to the vicarage to inquire if there was hope or prospect of his being left longer with them; and retired weeping and wailing over the sad sound, "he is but just alive."—At the close of the third week of his sufferings, this beloved pastor of a simple, and affectionate flock, calmly yielded his breath to God, and went to the world of celestial spirits, justly lamented as far as he was known.

Among the train of mourners that followed his remains to the dark and silent cemetery, where ashes mingle with ashes, and dust returns to dust, not one (except the vicar's widow) felt a deeper pang than Mary Armly. Respectful gratitude had bound her tutor and

pastor to her heart, by its firm and permanent tie, that death could not destroy ; and love to his partner and flock heightened the streams of grief that filled her young bosom with anguish, and her eyes with tears. Mrs. Armly felt the shock in common with others, but sustained it better. She pitied, wept and prayed with the mourners ; but her tears were holy, her piety heavenly, and her prayers seemed like anticipations of beatific praise. For her daughter, Mrs. Armly, at this period, felt an unusual exercise of mind. At her father's death the widow had a mighty woe-fall upon her spirit, respecting the nurture of her child for God. While its father lived, his devoted soul bore this precious burden for her ; but now she dwelt on the solemn charge devolving solely upon herself, by his departure ; and was exceedingly straitened in her mind how she should execute the important task to divine acceptance. To the *mercy-seat* she repaired with the devotion of Hannah of Mount Ephraim, and " cast her burden on the God of Shiloh," whose ears received, and

his Spirit answered her cry, with the soul-reviving promise, "I will help thee."

After their settlement at the vicarage, Mr. Lillie undertook the greater part of Mary's education; and her mother considered the circumstance as "help from God." Mr. Lillie was a charity student at Oxford; and as is common for graduates of this character, he merited and received the plaudits of college government, and an honorable share in the honors of the institution in his egress from that celebrated seat of classical learning. He was undoubtedly qualified to teach in every branch of useful literature; for what was missing in him, that is so abundant in many clerical men, (even a continued care to sustain their files of human knowledge, by intense study, after a settled profession of active ministry in the word and doctrine of Christ,) was amply made up in powers of memory admirably rare. But for his retiring modesty, and his decided consciousness of duty toward the rustic class among mankind, Mr. Lillie might have worn the honors of the church in human estimation; and had he been less de-

voted to the interests of his humble flock, the fruits of his pen would have twined around his tomb the laurels of classic fame, where now is only heard the sigh of village swains and maidens, who breathe the grateful tale of his humility, lowliness, kindness and special care for their souls; for whom he "watched as one that must give account."

The vicar instructed Mary from motives of duty and charity. He highly appreciated the natural gifts with which her Maker was pleased to endow a cottage child of (he thought) a princely father; and he believed it due to society, that so bright a genius should be assisted by education. Providence, in its mysterious motions, had cast the sweet child upon his lot; he embraced the opportunity afforded him, of polishing so precious a gem, as he viewed Mary to be. Kind was the effort, but short its duration. Mrs. Armly was relieved for a few months of half her burden; but now, by the interposition of death, she was again left with the sole charge of her lovely child.

"Woes cluster—rare are solitary woes."

Another chasm was shortly made in the comforts of Mrs. Armly and Mary, that was to be filled up with a variety of grief. Mrs. Lillie, who had been gently decaying for the last two or three years, now rapidly verged toward the gloomy vale; and our cottagers were again confined to the chamber of sickness. Mrs. Lillie lingered behind her sainted husband only six weeks, and then joined his spirit in the realms of bliss.

The vicarage was supplied with a new incumbent, previous to Mrs. Lillie's decease; but her extreme debility forbid a removal; and the new curate politely acceded to the earnest wish of her physician, in consenting to her stay, as her dissolution was evidently nigh at hand. Mrs. Lillie's last hours were rather shaded by regret, at seeing the station so well filled by her worthy husband for twenty years, and so recently vacated by his sudden death, now occupied by a conceited young novice in sacred matters, who she feared would care very little for the flock over whom (not the holy Ghost) but partial, frail and careless man had made him overseer. For

the ark of God the dying christian trembled; with her dear husband's flock she sympathized; and for our beloved cottagers she deeply sorrowed. But the unchangeable God is your portion, my beloved friend, said the expiring saint. He will protect, he will defend, and he will succor you and little Mary. I commend all, all to his care. His blessings be on the head of the just.

Immediately after the interment of Mrs. Lillie, our cottagers left the vicarage, unheeded by the young vicar, upon whose careless mind there appeared no traces of solemnity in burying the dead, or any benevolent care for the living. The pale face and slender form of Mrs. Armly, who seemed worn out with fatigue and watching, and the lovely countenance of Mary, were alike unnoticed by him. When Mrs. Armly humbly solicited his permission for her furniture to remain at the vicarage a few days, while she sought for a fixed abode, he rudely stared, and asked "how it happened that she had furniture there; adding, with a significant look, that he should keep a sharp look for *thee-ers*, and *thou-ers*,

as he remembered the appropriation of the word sly to them kind of bigots."

This was the first unkind, unfeeling speech that succeeded her father's cruel threats and abusive language, on the morning of her banishment from her paternal home—and the gentle widow was ready to sink beneath the harsh insult offered to her innocence and her defenceless state. In rapid succession the scenes of almost seventeen years flit across her imagination, and she burst into tears.

"This is too much—it is too hard for flesh and blood to bear, sir, exclaimed the old sexton, who had come to the vicarage to deposit the chapel keys. You will find friends as scarce here, sir, as black-berries in January, if you use people thus—that you will, sir;—and as to that woman, Heaven's no honester than she. Why, sir, our dear good curate, (God help us now he's gone) he thought the world an' all of the widow of John Armly, sir; who has not left his fellow behind him for goodness—that he has'n't. Mr. Lillie, sir, aye, and madam too, who has just left us, gave the parish their lesson, sir, about Mrs. Armly and little rosy posy there, (pointing

at Mary) telling every one that came to receive the dying blessing, that as how if we loved them, we must be kind to this pious widow, and ‘cherub,’ as Mr. Lillie calls that innocent, aye, and we shall, I know that too. They are too good for this world; and all the parish say it, so they do.”

This faithful though homely address from the old sexton, had a good effect upon the person to whom it was given; for Mr. Pinkham, though a novice in sacred things, had sufficient understanding of worldly affairs, to apprehend the danger (couched in terms used by the old rustic) to which his imprudence had exposed him. It will never do, thought he, to make so many enemies at once, while as yet I am a stranger here. He could appear well, if he chose, and to do so, he now thought expedient; therefore a handsome apology was addressed to Mrs. Armly for his rudeness, accompanied by an earnest solicitation that she would not leave the vicarage till it was perfectly convenient; adding, that both herself and daughter were entitled to this privilege on account

of the attachment manifested for them by his late worthy predecessor.

This policy wrought very well in the mind of Mrs. Armly's advocate (the sexton) who *looked* his satisfaction, and waited for Mrs. Armly's reply. With christian humility she accepted the apology; but declined the invitation that accompanied it, simply repeating her request respecting her humble furniture, that it might remain at the vicarage till she obtained a home for herself and child.

Most certainly madam, replied the young man, it shall have room, and be very safe here till you call for it.

Mrs. Armly and Mary then left the dwelling, where the tenderest christian sympathy had poured into their bleeding hearts the "oil and the wine" of consolation, and warded off for a season the outward sufferings that too often are attendants upon widowhood. As they walked slowly down the avenue that led to the road, Mary remarked, that even the willows seemed to mourn for the departed. How they droop, mother, said she—they touch the

ground and say, under the turf lies the hand that planted us.

Mrs. Armly was deep in thought, and did not notice Mary's speech, who pressed her hand and said, I was very much frightened, mother, when the *strange* vicar spoke so hard to you. I trembled like a leaf. Ah! dear Mr. Lillie would not have spoken so to old Jowler. He used to pat his shaggy coat and say, "poor dog, you are rather too lazy, and do not keep the sheep out of my little corn patch, but I must not be unkind to you; for then I forfeit the title of a merciful man, according to the scriptures."

But Mr. Pinkham excused the matter, my daughter, afterward; and even asked us to stay at his house. Did not that make amends Mary?——Do not hesitate—speak thy mind to thy mother?

Mary blushed; and faintly said, *partly*.—

And why not in full? Be plain my dear with me.

The little girl then acknowledged, that a thought came into her mind, (she knew not why) that the *strange* vicar was afraid of

displeasing the parish, as Mr. James took their part so warmly—and—that his excuses, &c. did not come from the heart.

Mrs. Armly. Do not harbor such thoughts in thy young mind, Mary. They beget a spirit of judging that is beyond the creature's right. God who made the heart of man, alone can ponder it; and he only has authority to give judgment in favor or against it. Does my child remember the blessed Savior's command, in his sermon on the mount—"judge not?"

Mary. Yes, mother; but I did not know I was breaking it, by thinking what I have told you. I am sorry, very sorry, dear mother.

Mrs. Armly. Well, dear, the next time a similiar impression is made upon thy mind, instead of giving it place, immediately pray that the Spirit of truth may apply the blood of Jesus, to wash it away. Thoughts are very dangerous agents in a natural mind. We should watch them as they rise within us, (out of man's sight, but in our Maker's view) as those that watch for break of day—catch them in embryo, and trace their origin. If they are from God, they are in unison with

his law; if not, they are in opposition, and lead down to darkness, if retained and indulged. Evil thoughts harden the heart—never indulge one again. Remember, that charity hopeth all things.

By this time they had reached a small farmhouse, that was inhabited by an aged widow, and her two grand children, who were orphans. The old dame was a native of the hamlet; and had never seen any other place in a life that exceeded three score years and ten. When Mr. Lillie was settled at the vicarage, she was on the list of “mothers in Israel,” and was then a widow. Her piety was purely supernatural—unassisted by outward advantages, unadorned by education in any degree. At Mr. Lillie’s first visit, she owned she could not read. In her early days, she said her dislike to a school was extreme, induced by seeing a little boy feruled on the first day she went; and that her mother indulged her humor, and she was suffered to stay at home and grow up in ignorance. At fifteen she was married to farmer Brown, a bachelor, and twenty years older than herself. He was

a kind husband and father, she said ; and when he died she sustained a great loss, being left a *youngish* widow, with only one child, a bright boy, as ever supped bean porridge. He lived to grow up, and married. His wife brought him a pair of twins, and went off in a consumption about six months after that boy and girl (pointing at two cherry cheeked children who were playing with a large tabby cat) were born. My son, added she, is a true mourner to this day, for the loss of his mate, and says he shall never run the risque of marrying again, for fear that a step-mother would not be kind to his Charley and Susan. He is a great comfort to me, pursued the dame, and promises to be the temporal staff of my old age, that begins to creep on, and brings a second childhood in company.

Mr. Lillie's heart was warmly engaged in this recital of dame Brown's, and he wished for the addition of her christian experience. Accordingly, he requested her to relate by what means she was awakened to her immortal concern, and the manner of God's dealing with her, in making known his love to her heart ; and

how she attained so much knowledge of the scriptures, which she could not read.

Her account was very short, and much to the purpose. Her mind, she said, was exceedingly distressed at the death of "the good man," [her husband] and she could take comfort in nothing. Till then she did not think seriously about a future state; but a death-bed is a dreadful sight, sir, said she; and my husband had hard struggles upon his—poor dear. She stated, that after seeking for rest about six months, and finding none, she went to a meeting appointed for George Fox, that he held in a new barn; and that after sitting in silence about half an hour, the preacher stood upon his feet, and taking off a broad brimmed hat, he exclaimed: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." That the very sound of his voice was joyful to her; and when he finished, she knew more than she had found out in all her life before. From that time she resolved on worshipping the holy babe born in a stable—the "man of

sorrows," that was crucified on mount Calvary—the risen Savior, who went back to Heaven—and the Lamb that stands on mount Zion. The Lord was very good to her, she said, in teaching her by dreams and visions in the night; and her son learned to read in the good book, and she listened to it as for her life. Since Susan died, she said, her son had been very thoughtful about his soul, and was fond of hearing her talk over her experience, and they prayed together;—also, she believed he prayed in secret. As for herself, she said, prayer had almost become one with her every breath; for she felt her dependence so much upon God, that her desires were always going to him for help.

Mr. Lillie requested her to tell him, if at her age [fifty years] her eye-sight was good. Yes, she said; thanks to her Savior, it was bright and clear as at twenty;—that she had taught little Susan to stitch a collar for her daddy's sunday shirt, and that she made all her own caps.

The vicar from this, proposed that she should learn to read; adding, that he would cheer-

fully undertake the office of teacher, in which Mrs. Lillie would delight to join him ; and if the dame thought well of it, she might come over to the vicarage every afternoon and take a lesson.

The offer was accepted with eagerness and grateful joy. She said she had sometimes had a mind to ask her son to show her about the letters ; but his time was about all taken up with hard work ; and when he could sit down with her a bit, she was so amazingly hungry for the good word, that she could not wait to learn, and so she never said a word to Charley about his teaching her. But now the Lord had put it into the heart of his servant to perform a charitable deed, she desired to pay all attention, with many thanks, and would begin as soon as the vicar thought best.

In less than two months after this conversation, dame Brown read the first chapter of John's Gospel without much spelling ; and it appeared to her kind pastor, that Alexander's victories, and Craesus' wealth, bore no comparison with her artless triumph, and the *great riches* she amassed by gaining the knowl-

edge of letters. "Well, thanks be rendered to whom it is due, said the grey haired pupil, I have mastered the devil this time. Yes, praise to the Lord! that crooked, lying old serpent, told me I could never learn, and that we should all have our labor for our pains."

Dame Brown was a devoted friend of the good vicar and his amiable wife, to the very latest moment of their lives. She sat by their dying bed; and with her withered and trembling hand closed their peaceful eyes; hoping, she said, to meet them again soon, in that world where pain and death had nothing to do with the saints of God. When Mrs. Lillie was laid in the coffin, the old dame said to Mrs. Armly, "now my child, you and cherub must come over to my house, and abide with me awhile. So remember, I give the first invite; and you know, 'first come, first served.' You cannot stay here, she added. Alas! the new vicar is, I fear, not going to make us forget our loss. I am a little afraid, said she, of ministers who have a yard of white pocket handkerchief hanging out of their coat pocket behind, and wear white kid gloves. But, I

must be still, and quietly hope the best, watching unto prayer."

Mrs. Armly thanked the kind hearted dame for her hospitable thought about two lonely beings, like herself and Mary; saying, she would esteem it a great favor to have a shelter under her friendly roof, till she could determine where to pitch her tent for the remnant of life's tiresome stay in the body, that for Mary's sake she was ready to bear.

It is necessary here to name other trials than the death of dear friends, and change of abode. Absolute poverty began its assaults upon our once happy cottagers. Instead of a few weeks, nine months had rolled away since the sale of Jessamine lawn, and Mrs. Armly had not received a penny from the Bristol merchant. He wrote to her from time to time, making many plausible excuses for his delay, and positively engaging to bring her the money in May, when he must visit Jessamine lawn, to make arrangements for a tenant to take possession of the cottage. The vicar's death took place in the beginning of that month, and Mrs. Lillie's illness immediately

increased, that confined Mrs. Armly to the vicarage. She neither saw her creditor, or heard of him again, till about a week after Mrs. Lillie's burial; when it was announced, that writs of attachment were served upon Jessamine lawn, and all the lands adjacent, belonging to Mr. ———.

What could the poor widow do? She must trust in God, but not sit with folded hands, and make no effort to regain some part of her husband's hard earnings for his child. Could she go herself to Bristol directly, possibly she might get a share with other creditors, of the floating property, that like all ill-gotten wealth, had made itself wings and was flying away from its late possessor, who had—"grasped the phantom,—(worldly splendor) and found it air." But she was a timid woman, and destitute of money. Her feeble frame forbid the attempt to go so far on foot; and had it been prepared for the task, how could she enter a strange city, destitute of money, and without friends or acquaintance there. That Mrs. Armly felt embarrassed in her mind, is true;—that she was patient under

the trial was quite as certain ; and while she suffered by anxiety and suspense, her heart continued in the exercise of faith and watching unto prayer.

Mary at this juncture was a sweet comforter. She begged of her beloved mother not to be troubled about the money. "Do but see, said the lovely child, I am grown to be a great girl—I am now old enough to work, and help get our bread. And you know, dearest mother, what my father used to say, that king David never wrote a better sentence than, that though he was an old man, "yet had he never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Pleased with this proof that energy was not wanting in her daughter's young mind, that appeared to soar above the threats of poverty ; and delighted by her ready advertence to the scriptures, through the medium of her lamented father's remarks, Mrs. Armly's countenance exhibited a soft smile, the first poor Mary had seen for almost a year upon her pale, loved face.

“But what can my Mary do, to earn money? said the grateful mother; desirous to draw further on the thoughts and views of the little being before her. Those slender wrists and small taper fingers, do not promise to give much assistance to thy willing mind, at present.”

“I can weave cabbage and garden nets, replied Mary, and get Mr. Charles to sell them at Bath; and I can spin thread, and bleach it on the good dame’s grass-plat, and get money for that too.”

Tears and smiles were mingled together on the mother’s face, while she listened to this sweetly positive speech of her fatherless child. She sought no farther, to crush the embryo of enterprise, that was evidently the offspring of filial duty, filial sympathy, and filial love; but rather seemed to acquiesce in the proposed effort; saying, well Mary, I will give thee all my flax, and thou mayest go to work, and exercise thy little strength toward earning our support, only be moderate in thy endeavors; remembering, the world was not made at

once, though its Creator had all power at command.

Mrs. Armly asked permission of her kind hostess for Mary's spinning wheel and flax to be brought from the vicarage; saying, she was desirous of earning something toward their support, and that her attention was directed to the spinning wheel, and netting needle, to begin with.

"A sweet soul, said the honest dame, may heaven's smiles attend her! Have the wheel here? Yea, that she shall if she wants, and Charley will go over to the vicarage and bring it for her, and the flax too."

Mr. Charles, as Mary called the grandson of dame Brown, was as goodnatured as his venerable grandmother, at whose call he was always ready; and as the old dame said, "heaven mended her loss by his father's death, in making the boy so like her first Charley."

The spinning wheel and flax were brought immediately, and Mary applied herself to work with diligence, not forgetting her mother's watch word respecting moderation.

Mrs. Armly viewed Mary at the spinning wheel with a feeling of humble delight, that a "*fashionable mamma*" can never know, while gazing upon her "ribbon decorated" offspring, sprawling their pinched feet 'about the dancing floor, or flirting snowy fingers across the harp or pianoforte, playing lady Languish with the head, and "Where does my true love hie," with effeminate hands, that were never yet "held out to cheer, the heart with anguish riven,"

Or lifted to the Savior dear,
With pantings after heaven !

A few mornings after the attachment of Jessamine lawn, Charles Brown had brought his little horse wagon to the door, and observed to his grandmother, that he was going within four miles of Bristol, and that if she had any errands for him to do in the city, he could as well go on. Mrs. Armly, whose delicacy always relucted from any intrusion upon her friends, looked at Mary, and burst into tears.

O, mother, exclaimed the tender hearted Mary, do let me run and ask Mr. Charles to

take you along with him to Bristol! I am sure he will, he is so good natured and kind.

Mrs. Armly shook her head, and replied no, that she had too many favors from him, his sister and their good grandmother already—she was ashamed to ask for any thing, even to ask Mr. Charles to inquire about Mr. ——'s estate. But my tears, dear, pursued she, thou must not mind. They proceed from weakness, that indulges a sorrow I ought to overcome.

Fortunately, Susan heard Mary's exclamation, as the door of the room where Mary was spinning stood on a jar, and she ran to her brother, who had received some commission from his grandmother, and was just getting into the wagon to set off. The good humored rustic quickly descended, and returned into the house, to beg of Mrs. Armly to accompany him, if she wished; saying he should prefer company to going alone.

This kind offer drew an explanation from Mrs. Armly, who had never mentioned to dame Brown the particulars of her situation, hoping from day to day, that Mr. —— would call or write, and give her some satis-

faction concerning his debt. Surely he will not forget that he took into his possession my earthly substance, earned by the hard labor, and saved by the prudent care of my departed husband, with the smiles of heaven—surely he will mention the widow and child of John Armly among his creditors. Thus charitably were the thoughts of that widow directed toward her only debtor, who had taken her earthly living from her, with fair promises of a speedy remuneration, and a large present beside.

The good old dame gently chid her for keeping the matter from her so long; but now said she, set right away with Charley, and I hope it is not too late yet to get your due.

But I have no money to pay you for your trouble and kindness, murmured the gentle widow. If I had ———

Dear me—said the dame—money and pay—who made our beast, and who gave us ability to get the wagon? was it not the *God* you adore? “have we not all one father?” But come, away, away, morning hours are the best for business. Susan, my baby, pack up a few

more cakes, and put another slice of cheese in Charley's box. Come on with the quaker bonnet, and set off. God speed you both, and give a safe return.

The journey relieved Mrs. Armly from suspense, but that was all the satisfaction it gave her or her friends. Mr. ——— had failed in business, and had fled from angry creditors, to shun a prison; forgetting, it is probable, to mention the poor widow of Jessamine lawn. Mrs. Armly was informed that it was too late, all the known property of Mr. ——— had been appropriated already, which did not however average more than one shilling on the pound. It was conjectured that Mr. ——— had taken a large sum with him; and it was thought he had embarked for North America.

With calmness Mrs. Armly sustained the blow. She thought upon her Savior's declaration to his disciples, "the very hairs upon your heads are all numbered." She remembered his poverty in this world, who was the only heir of heaven by inherent right; and that he said of his temporal condition, as he went up and down doing good, "the foxes

have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

"Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?" thought she—no—the burden of suspense is gone—and I will pray to feel no more on this account.

Her mind too was relieved on the score of blaming herself for delay. When Jessamine lawn cottage was attached, there remained nothing more for Mr. ——'s creditors to look after. His failure was hastened by the loss of an east Indiaman, that was shipwrecked in a violent storm, on its return to England.

When Mrs. Armly told Mary that poverty was their portion, the little girl looked sweetly upon her, and said, Well, if my dear mother can bear it, I am sure I can; for dear father used to say, that "honest poverty was no disgrace;" and ours is honest, mother, said she; for father earned the cottage, except twenty pounds the rich gentleman gave him. The next morning she came to her mother with a delightful expression of satisfaction in her beautiful countenance, and holding the bible in her hand.

See, see, my blessed mother, what I have found for you. Do read it for yourself; and she pointed to the second chapter and 5th verse of the General Epistle of James; "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom, which he hath promised to them that love him?" There, mother, that is you, for you love God.

Mrs. Armly was sensibly affected by this remarkable proof of Mary's assiduity to comfort her; and she thanked her kindly; saying at the same time, I should like to know if my Mary can describe the kingdom to me?

Not very well said the child, but father could, were he alive; and she sighed—but added, "I know it is not an earthly one; it is a kingdom that can never fade away. It is the kingdom of our Lord, and he gives it to his friends; and then gives the whole to his Father—so my dear father used to say."

The spinning wheel by day, and the netting needle at evening, were constantly plied by the industrious cattagers, and they gained twelve shillings every week beside assisting

Susan about the dairy and other household matters, as the good grandmother failed very fast, being past three score and ten years old. Mrs. Armly talked of going to Bath, to hire a small room, and take in plain sewing, and some fine washing for the female invalids, who resorted to the springs during the summer and autumn. But dame Brown was not willing to part with her or Mary; and she warmly opposed their going away. It is my desire, said she, to have you stay with me through the winter, and should we live till the spring I will not oppose it, provided your health is better.

But Mrs. Armly insisted that it was duty to embrace the present time, to try and earn something for the purpose of paying for Mary's schooling; that her own conscience, she added, might not feel reproach from a broken promise, or inattention to a wish of "the honored dead."

But what will you do, my dear child, said the dame, what can you expect to do in a strange city; and a few tears rolled down her furrowed cheeks, as she viewed the sickly

looking mother, and lily complexioned daughter; but there now, added she, it comes to my mind, all of a sudden, that our Charley's mother had an aunt that used to live in a pretty cottage, just out of the city, who was a fine laundress, and she made enough in summer to supply her wants all the year; for they were not many, as she was amazing humble. She came down to see us once, while Susan lay sick, and her pious talk and excellent prayers, were a great comfort, both to my dear child, that was then well in body but distress in mind both for himself and Susan and to us all. After Susan obtained an assurance of hope, that it would be well with her beyond the grave, her mouth was filled with heavenly praises! and among other things that she thanked God for, was his kindness in sending her dear aunt Worthy to visit her in her great affliction; for you must know, her sufferings of body and mind were great. She had a dreadful cough, that was enough to make one's heart ache to hear; and she did so grieve at the prospect of leaving her poor husband and the sweet babes, as well as mourn

after Jesus' love; but after her soul was set at liberty, she grieved for nothing except that she had not sought the Lord before. O, how good it was in the Lord, exclaimed our dying Susan, to send a lingering sickness upon me, instead of sudden death—to give me two praying mothers in Israel (meaning her aunt Wor-thy and *un*-worthy me) to show me the way to Jesus. Her dear face shone all over with the glory that filled her soul; and Mrs. Wor-thy, as she looked upon her poor pale face, said she reminded her of a beloved sister, that died in London some months before, who came to her end by the means of a blow on the chest, given by a cruel husband, because she went to Quaker meeting. But deary me, how you tremble, Anna, said the dame, observing a sudden agitation about Mrs. Armly, you look very ill my child.

Mrs. Armly said she felt a little sick at the stomach; but it would be over soon. Please to say if Susan's aunt has always lived at Bath —— the name —— and she hesitated—

O, no, replied dame Brown, she came from London some years since, with a poor misera-

ble husband, to try the waters, as doctors ordered for him. . He had been dreadful unsteady, and had ruined his health, and squandered away most of his property; for they had been very well off in the world at their first setting out to keep house together. The good woman told me, that when she married Captain Charles Worthy, it was thought a great match for her; but ah! she would say, "the fairest prospects are often blighted;" and I have reason to be thankful that trouble has worked for my soul's good. .

Charles, too—and Captain, whispered Mrs. Armly.—They bought the cottage I spoke of, continued dame Brown, and made out to keep that; but every thing else went for things to make her poor husband comfortable as to the body, and I believe they had some hopes that he died a true penitent at last.

Did Mrs. Worthy ever mention her sister's name, that thou dost recollect? inquired Mrs. Armly.

O yes, replied dame Brown, she used to call her "dear Anna"—her husband's *name* I never heard her mention; she said he hated all re-

ligion, but especially in a quaker form, as his wife was by it turned to be a fool—she must dress plain, and talk plain, and he could not bear to hear or see her.

Had her sister any offspring? asked Mrs. Armly. One child, and only one, replied the dame—and that was a daughter—she plead hard to have her, after the poor mother went to rest; but no—the cross father swore she should not have a chance to make the young Anna such another fool, and forbid her coming to the house. Mrs. Worthy said, the last news she had of her niece was, that her father turned her out of doors, and no one could tell her what had become of her. Her husband and she were at Bath; and she never could go to London herself, but she wrote to a number of persons about the poor girl, but got no satisfactory answers:—she said, such was her faith in prayer, that she could not give it up, but some day or other, God, who knew and overruled all events, would permit her to see the dear outcast child of her long lamented Anna again. But I've talked a long while, said the good dame; and now, after going all

round *Robin Hood's barn*, as the saying is, I will come back to my first thought, which was, that as you seem to fix on Bath to live in, I am of the mind that Mrs. Worthy would take you into her house, and be a friend to you and Mary. She is fonder of doing good than of eating a nice meal. I am really loath to part with you, being old and decrepit now, and can't go to the chapel as I could once; and beside, have lost my dear minister——, but—I will try not to be selfish. Whatever is for your good, and our little cherub too, I shall pray may take place. If you desire to go to Bath, Charley will just put the old mare in the wagon, and take you down to the good widow's cottage, and you have only to see her in order to love her. She is grown old, but is still *considerably spry*, and lives very comfortably in her neat little cottage, that is sanctified by prayer, that I think makes its God's palace, as our good vicar used to say of the clean heart.

As Mrs. Armly's early history was entirely unknown to dame Brown, there could be no

design in her proposal, or in giving the account here stated of her pious visitor.

Her heart was purer than her mind was deep ; and it appears she was, in the present case, an organ or instrument in the hand of providence, and tuned by an invisible power, that pitied the destitute widow and her fatherless child.

But let us pursue the narrative. Mrs. Armly felt her heart penetrated with a sense of divine goodness, in raising her a friend like the humble dame, and in affording that friend the means of introducing her to another, who might also open a way of acquaintance with others as kind, that might afford her employment, by which she might support herself and child ; and beside this, she hoped that heaven would favor her exertions toward the completion of Mary's education, that her father's plan might be realized by her becoming qualified for the office of teacher. The account of Susan's aunt, had awakened a kind of longing desire to see the person, partly to behold her piety, that seemed, in dame Brown's description, to bear the traces of pri-

mitive religion. Mrs. Armly highly appreciated the ardor of devotion apparent in Mary of Magdala, who watched for the truth as it fell from her Savior's lips, rather than to prepare a worldly feast for one who cared for no such luxuries, or bathed his feet with tears, wept at his cross, and waited at his tomb. She loved a Dorcas too, whose hands were employed in making garments for the poor ; and venerated an aged Anna, whose feet were transfixed on devotion's altar. In addition to the privilege of seeing a white haired pilgrim, whose feet touched on the borders of Emanuel's land, Mrs. Armly could not but hope she should meet a beloved relative. The names of Worthy, Charles and Anna, as mentioned by dame Brown, with the account of her sister's death, could not miss of causing some excitement; yet prudence forbid sanguinity, of which indeed her deep advance in *christian* temperance would scarcely admit on any occasion, that related to worldly matters.

How to proceed, was the first inquiry that arose in Mrs. Armly's cautious mind. Should she embrace the kind offer of dame Brown,

and go to Bath? If Mrs. Worthy was indeed her aunt, might not the sudden appearance of a niece, lost to her for twenty-five years, prove too great a shock to her aged frame? would it not be better to write first, and inquire the name of her sister's husband?

Here we must inform the reader, that John Armly had, (for very particular reasons) endeavored to keep his wife's early history a secret; and the latter concluded that her father must have thrown out some high threat against her, in the bitterness of his opposition to her religious principles, that participated in some points with her departed mother's. Anna was not in all respects a Quaker. She therefore never joined their society as a visible member, in full fellowship. Indeed, a fixed location of herself in any visible part of her Lord's great vineyard, never was made plain to her conscientious mind as a duty enjoined by her heavenly Father, whom she worshipped in spirit and truth with unwavering constancy, and devoted love. Her use of the plain language of the scripture fathers, was a matter of conscience. At the tender age of seven years it was placed

upon her lips, and engraven on her heart, by reading in her dear mother's bible, which was kept always out of her father's way, as he threatened to burn or throw it in the Thames. As she often heard one parent curse the other for saying thee and thou, and listened to the suffering victim's plea that the holy scriptures gave the pattern, her childish curiosity, and love to a tender, abused and pious mother, naturally excited her to search the good book; and the effect produced was a resolution to talk in the manner that Jesus did, which she confessed to her husband, she then thought would besome help toward being good. But Anna Hallett bore this cross, afterward for Christ's sake alone; for which at first she endured many a severe chastisement from her cruel father. After her marriage she felt some mortification at using a different dialect from her sainted partner, whose travel in the paths of holiness she ever viewed as far beyond her own. As a mother too, she was susceptible of delicate fears as to the tendency of an apparent difference between herself and husband, in this single point. She knew how to submit herself to

female inferiority in the apostle's mode of expression, always conceding to his assertion, that the man is the head of the woman, in church rule, and in family government. Sometimes she thought (but that thought was locked up in her own breast,—it never passed her lips) that it would be very pleasant to hear, thee, thou, and thy, used by her dear husband, as proper substitutes for you, your, and yours; and once she ventured to make it a subject of prayer, which was answered by the application of scripture to her heart, "Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind." This transpired when Mary was a year old; and from that moment her solicitude respecting the use of language vanished. With regard to the child no proselyting influence was used. Her parents agreed to leave the matter to providence; and Mary followed her father in using the plural number for the singular, without asking any questions why her mother did not talk in that way.

But it is time to return from this digression, and resume the story.

On the whole Mrs. Armly concluded it

safest to write to Mrs. Worthy in the name of her kind hostess ; and after making a request that she would receive a poor widow, and fatherless child into her house, as humble lodgers, stating their circumstances and views in the abstract, to add an inquiry (by way of postscript) respecting the name of her sister Anna's husband, &c. In this way she might avoid betraying her husband's secret, and also shun administering premature pleasure, if indeed Mrs. Worthy should identify herself as the beloved sister of her deceased parent.

To this measure the good dame readily consented, saying she thought her name would be greatly honored, when used for such a purpose, begging that her regret at parting with such guests might not be omitted.

The letter was written ; and read to dame Brown only omitting the postscript. Charley sat off immediately, to be the bearer to his wife's good aunt of a request that he knew she would be ready to grant ; for the last time he called at the cottage to leave a box of butter, his grandmother sent as a present to her beloved old friend. Mrs. Worthy observed,

that she was growing too feeble to live by herself; and that she wished providence would appoint a female companion for her, that she could hold sweet fellowship with in God.

Charley thought (nor did he think amiss) that aunt Worthy might have her wish gratified now; for said he to his grandmother, as he took the letter from her hand, Mrs. Armly is as religious as parson Lillie was; and aunt Worthy used to say, how happy she should be to stay at the vicarage all her days.

Yes, yes, my Charley, I know all that; but make no tarry here to talk; for you know child, that thirty miles is something of a journey. You have that to ride this day, out and back, so be off my son; and heaven guard you.

Old dame Worthy had just placed on her little table a dish of milk, and a piece of barley bread, (which she said was a luxury to her, while Jesus blessed the meal,) as Charley stopped his beast at her door. He rapped gently, to which the old saint replied, come in; and as she saw Charley, said, "well here is one of my sweet *bairns*; and I am glad to

see thee. How is my old friend ? is she well, and Susan ?”

Charles said yes ; and delivered the letter, which the old lady could not read herself, as she had unfortunately that very morning dropped her spectacles upon the hearth, and broke both the glasses : “ I should have gone into the city, this forenoon,” said she, “ to buy me a new pair, but my poor old back is lame with the rheumatism, that I got in doing my little wash yesterday ; but heaven be praised thy eyes are bright in youth, so never mind, break the seal, and read me the letter ; and afterward I’ll give thee some dinner.”

Charley complied ; and went through, postscript and all ; at the end of which were the following words : “ please to write me a line by Charles, but do not mention this postscript ; but introduce your sister’s whole name by the bye.”

Mrs. Worthy, in younger life, was remarkably quick in her apprehension and ideas ; and even in old age her mental eye was but little dimmed, nor was its natural force much abated. She instantly caught a trembling hope,

that this inquiry for her sister's name, would lead to a discovery of her persecuted daughter ; and that an answer to many, many prayers was near. Her christian moderation, the reader may see in the following reply to her friend's letter.

“ Well Charley, as I cannot write without my glasses, I must borrow thy mouth as well as eyes, in this business, trusting thy memory with my hearty yea and amen to the proposal this letter contains. Tell thy good grandmother, that my house and heart too, are open to receive any person she can recommend ; and that she has really now conferred on me a greater favor than ever, in offering me a friend of her's for a lodger, perhaps ————; here the old saint checked herself ; and after a momentary silence, added, I was really praying to-day that my good shepherd would provide me with a christian lodger ; and doubtless my “ prayer is heard ;” for thy grandmother, Charley, would never burden my poor old soul with a careless worldling.

Aye, that's true indeed, interrupted Charley, she would do no such thing ; but this widow,

aunte Worthy, is as pious as you are; and her little girl is more like an angel I think, than any thing else,—grandmother charged me to tell you about 'em; for she could not persuade Mrs. Armly to put any thing in the letter, that was like praise.

Mrs. Worthy, (eagerly.) Then thy grandmother did not write the letter, did she, Charley?

Charles. Dear'ee me—no aunte, poor grandmother never wrote a word in her life. She often tells Susan and me about her learning to read when she was about half a century old.

Mrs. Worthy. Did the widow write this letter, Charley?

She did, replied the youth—grandmother wished it; but added, scratching his head a little, and looking very sagacious, these lines at the bottom—it's very curious though—but Mrs Armly did not read them out, as she did the rest of it to grandmother and I and Susan; and beside, she asks you not to mention it—a great thought comes into my head, continued he, may be aunte, may be, Mrs. Armly is your niece,—heigh aunte, strange things happen, don't they?

Mrs. Worthy (sighing.) Yes, my son, many strange events take place in this very strange world. But, Charley, I shall set a bowl of bread and milk for thee; and we will take our dinner, giving God thanks; and then, while thy beast rests a bit longer, I beg of thee to tell me all thou canst about this widow and her child.

Charles thanked his aunt; but said he must first give the old mare her bite of hay that he brought in the wagon for her; and I have a basket of things too for aunte, said the good humored creature, that Susan put up, as grandmother bid her.

"Thou dost never come here, as light as thou goest away," exclaimed the grateful woman. I am always called upon to repeat the sound of "thanks, thanks, whenever I see thee.—"

Charles hastened out to his wagon, muttering something about wishing he could bring five times as much; and after setting the old mare to work upon the clover, he lugged in a large basket, that contained a variety of good things from the farm, and among

the rest, was a nice meat pie, as old dame Brown feared that her friend's general diet was not quite nourishing enough for her decaying strength, that she wanted should hold out a little longer, as she thought her prayers and counsel were still of great use in this wicked world.

May heaven reward all thy grandmother's care and bounty, said the grateful recipient of these favors, and thy kindness also, as well as Susan's. She then set the pie upon her table, saying, let us feast together upon this savory dish, instead, of eating my barley bread, that, however, I thought plenty good enough before this came; and do Charley describe the widow that is coming to abide with me, by leave of providence, and tell me all that thou dost know of her.

Charles readily obeyed, doing his best at description of the person and conduct of Mrs. Armly, as well as relating all he knew of her. The first part affected Mrs. Worthy a good deal, as she said "it drew her sister's likeness;" but the latter threw no light upon the subject, for Charley could only tell that

she had lived at Jessamine lawn ever since he could remember, till about a year ago, when her husband was carried off by a press-gang, and died away from home, that soon after his death, their late good vicar took the widow and her child to his own home, &c. &c. &c.

I really feel a drawing in my heart, said Mrs. Worthy, toward these strangers; and while I desire to watch over myself, lest I get entangled by a false hope of recovering my long lost Anna.—

That is Mrs. Armly's given name, said Charles, interrupting his aunt a second time in the youthful eagerness of his naturally sympathetic feeling; yes, that is her given name too, for she begged of grandmother, and me and Susan, when she first came to our house, to call her "plain Anna," as she does not like the Mrs.—and she talks like you aunte, "thee and thou."

At hearing this, Mrs. Worthy appeared agitated, as it reminded her of Anna Hallett's resolution when she was seven years old "to talk as Jesus and his apostles did.—"

“What makes you tremble aunte?” asked Charles—ah, said he, it puts me in mind of Mrs. Armly, when grandmother told her about your sister’s troubles—and her death—she trembled too, and looked paler than ever.

Mrs. Worthy told the friendly youth what caused the tremor upon her old body; and said that she longed to see the person that excited it. But it is time for us to part, my son, and for thee to return home, or thy grandmother may be worried on thy account, as the high road is still infested by barbarous press gangs. Tell them at thy house, said she, that I am ready at any time to receive my new guests; and do carry much love and many thanks to my dear old friend and to Susan and all.—But about the name, say nothing Charley; for I perceive the stranger is private about it, and likely she has some good reasons—so do not say that my glasses are broke, and that I got thee to read the letter—tell thy grandmother it was not convenient for me to write to day, and ask her to excuse me—I can send a small gift to the little child, you speak so highly of.—

Aye, sweet enough it is cried Charley.—

“ I can send her a present, that will answer for the mother, as well as the name”—saying this, the good woman opened a drawer and taking out a small pocket book, that was wrought in “made stich,” with worsted thread of different colors, she handed it to Charles, saying, “ my long lost niece wrought this for me when she was nine years old—she was a handy little needle woman, to be sure—when thou dost present this to her for the child, say I sent it in token of good will; and keep all our conversation to day, locked up in thy young breast for the present.”

Charles readily promised not to mention a syllable beyond his aunt’s commission; and after giving his beast a pail of water, in which he put a large handful of grounded oats, he set off cheerful as a lark, to return home, where he arrived just after sunset, to the great joy of his venerable grandmother, who delighted much in her affectionate grandson, he being, she said, the main earthly prop of her widowed old age.

Welcome home, boy, said the good dame; and what speed to day? good I believe, by

that uncommon wag of thy head—as to smiles upon that brown face, they're nothing new; for it is always laughing all over, except poor grand mammy is sick, or Susan. But come, said she, hand out the letter—how is my good old friend Mrs. Worthy? well, I hope?—

Quite well, said Charles, except (recollecting the complaint about her back) a slight touch of the rheumatism. Aunt did not send any letter, grandmother—it was not convenient for her to write to day; but I brought a message from her that will do just as well, by word of mouth, as by letter writing. The faithful messenger then announced the pleasant tidings, “how that his grand aunt sent a deal of love, and a *power* of thanks for the meat pie, &c. and how that she was lonesome, and had been praying this very day for a female companion to be sent her;—also, that as how she was very ready to receive one that his grandmother could recommend; and that Mrs. Armly and Mary were welcome to come any time.” Aye, and more than that, added the kind-hearted rustic, I know that she longs to see them; and I told her a sight about little

Mary too—so do but look at what aunt sent her, giving the pocket-book into Mrs. Armly's trembling hand—there, friend Anna, said he gaily, my good grand aunt bid me say, “that she sent this to your child as a token of love and good will.”

This little gift operated with talismanick power upon Mrs. Armly's features; and a mild look of disappointment gave way to an expression of joyful surprise, that none of its beholders could so rightly interpret as Charles;—the good dame exclaiming, Why, my dear Anna, I thought I had told you so much about my old friend's goodness, that you would not be at all astonished should she send word for you to come as a daughter, instead of that lost niece of her's she has mourned about so long.

Humph, said Charles—while he felt an inward tickle of joy that almost impelled a burst of honest rustic laughter, that sometimes he indulged at the hazard of a sober admonition from his grandmother, who failed not to remind him, that in the New Testament she never read of the like in Jesus, her blessed Master, nor any of his followers. Charles

hastened from the room, saying, the old mare he s'posed was longing to be free of the harness, and to get her fill of sweet grass—so he must wait upon her—muttering to himself as he went, “grandmother hit the nail next to the right one;—daughter, indeed, and lost niece, I guess now she'll be both of them to aunt Worthy. Well, I sha'nt “*let on*” as to what I knows—that I sha'nt—but it 'ill be me to drive 'em down there, so I shall have a peep at the joyful meeting — — so I shall.”

After Charles went out, the good dame's harmless loquacity drew the attention of little Mary to herself, by a rapid rehearsal of the kind and charitable acts of her dear old friend toward the afflicted that *she knew of*, especially her taking a gipsey baby from a sickly stroller, and keeping it a whole year, when the rich Lady D—— relieved her of the burden, by receiving the poor thing into her kitchen nursery; for some of my Lady's servants were married together, so she had free servants born in her house.

This conversation gave Mrs. Armly an opportunity to compose herself; and she put the

little harbinger of good things in her pocket, whispering to Mary, that she should see it again, when they retired to rest.

How thankful I am, said the kind old dame, as they were seated around the supper table ; how thankful I am, that I happened to think of Mrs. Worthy's house as a home for you and Mary, on her account as well as yours—you see, she told Charles, that this was the greatest favor I ever did her in all our acquaintance.

Charles shrugged his shoulders, and smiled, but said nothing. Mrs. Armly observed, that she thought the balance of thanks fell upon her side and Mary's for the overflow of kindness from them all ; “ for,” she added, “ providence seems to raise up friends for us, as fast as our thoughts can travel ; and though we are so poor, yet we feel no lack of any necessary earthly good. And now, my kindest of friends, tell me if you are all three of you willing to afford my child a conveyance in the wagon to Bath to-morrow. As to myself, I am so much better than when I first came

to the farm, that I think I can walk very well, if I set out at the earliest dawn of day."

Walk?—you walk fifteen miles on a stretch? exclaimed the kind hostess; not from my house, sure! no, not if my name be Phebe Brown—why what has come to the old mare that she can't carry you and Mary too? you both would n't sink my great baby Susan there, in the squire's scales. Heigh! Charley, what dost thou say? for I must say *thou* once in a while, it sounds so good—but what say boy to Anna Armly's walking away from our house to Bath?

Why grandmother, replied Charles, I must say, if I says any thing, that I feel a'most vexed with friend Anna, for speaking of such a thing; but as Mary looks frightened because I says vexed, I will put it all a one side, and will be good natured as all our doors, if friend Anna will ride with me and Mary in the wagon. As to the old mare, it's really strange if she can't draw such a light load, after showing her strength in carrying me and Sukey to the fair.

"I wish you would n't call me Sukey,

Charley, said his sister, who now spoke for the first time, since this conversation began."

I wish you would n't call me Charley, Sukey, responded he laughing; but this is only *tit* for *tat*, he added; for I don't care one brass farthing what I am called, if you does n't call me late to dinner.

How I wish that Susan had never gone to that fair, murmured the fond grandmother—I really think it has put some silly notions in her head—but let us talk about this business of yours, Anna. I am thinking about your household stuff, how that is to be got down to Bath.—Charley, what do you think, my dear?

Why, I think, said he, that if Mr. Lillie was yet alive, he would ask the favor of farmer Lovering's great two-horse wagon. Every stitch of Anna's furniture went safe in it to the vicarage. As our good parson who borrowed it then is not now alive to take the same care, I intend to do it myself.

O, I am afraid to have you, said Mrs. Armly, I fear friend Lovering will be offended, if called upon a second time for such a favor.

Then he may get pleased again, said

Charles; and if he appears at all froward about it, as grandmother used to say of Suk—Susan I meant, when she pouted over her book, why then, I shall *jist let on* to him all about what the neighbors say, that they believe, as much as they believe that they must die, that Mr. Armly would have got safe home before that horrid gang had finished carousing at the rising Sun tavern, if he had n't waited and waited for Bill; and even Bill when he is *half seas over*, says so—falling fits—they make a great fuss about—something else fits, I knows.

Hush, hush, Charles, said Susan, somebody is rapping at the porch door. Charles opened it; and who should it be but the rich farmer Lovering himself, who called to ask Charles if he would assist him in the beginning of the next week, to gather his best orchard for Bristol market?

Charles said he knew of nothing to hinder him; and immediately made his request for the wagon, on behalf of the widow of the late respected John Armly, to convey her furniture to Bath.

Mr. Lovering said he would lend the horses and wagon, if Charles would supply the front seat with a driver ; for I have none to send. William is not fit to have the care of horses. His fits increase upon him every day ; and I think his mind is very much injured by them.

Charles said he would drive himself, and add on the old mare in front to help along ; and thus he got a promise from Mr. Lovering that he should have the horses and wagon, whenever Mrs. Armly, he added wished to move ; lamenting at the same time the disastrous event that led to her removal from his neighborhood ; saying, that John Armly had not left his equal behind him, in all the county of Wiltshire ; and then adding, “ a good evening,” he left the house.

There, grandmother, said Charles, is’n’t that *providential*, as you call a most every thing that takes place !

I surely do think it is, replied the dame ; and thanks be rendered to his great name.

A consultation was now held about which should go first, Mrs. Armly, or her furniture ; and upon the whole it was thought best for

her to go with it; and chiefly, because a *press-gang* must not assault a travelling concern that has a woman in it. Mrs. Armly now observed, that she did not intend to take more than three chairs with her, as she did not expect to hire more than one small room of Mrs. Worthy.

Charles shrugged his shoulders again, and repeated the word *hire*——which no one noticed however, for Mrs. Armly engaged all the attention, as she talked of her arrangements; and among other things, she observed that her set of blue and white cups and saucers, with a small waiter, she presented to Susan, * for her kindness—three chairs she gave to Charles; and my bright block-tin tea-pot I give to thee, dear mother, said the grateful widow, addressing dame Brown, who was staring with all her might, yet continued listening with a look that seemed to say, I wonder what will come next? At last she burst forth, Why Anna Armly, what ails you? to be giving away your things at such a rate! do look at little cherub there, she may want these articles, if you feel too humble to keep

them. Beside, do you think I could have the heart to take one penny's worth from you? Nay, I did not invite you to my house with any such views. My Master teaches me better than all that. Blessed Jesus! he said, "do good and lend, hoping for nothing again;" and it is my pleasure to obey him. But Anna, continued the kind woman, if you would rather part with these things than not, I will buy them off your hands; and you shall have their worth, cash in hand; but heaven's mercy keep me from robbing the poor, especially the Lord's poor—whoso toucheth them, toucheth the apple of his eye.

When dame Brown concluded her speech, Charles spoke; and said his grandmother had spoke his mind exactly; for he thought it would be a great sin to take things from a feeble woman, who had not only lost her husband, but estate also; and for his part he felt as though he could not do enough for *she* and Mary.

Susan said not a word; and as it is our duty to forbear judging the secrets of human hearts,

we must let it go "that silence gives consent;" and so make the best of it.

It was at last settled that Mrs. Armly should take with her, just what she thought best; and the remainder be left at dame Brown's farm house, and in Charley's care, as he was young, and she being old and infirm might drop away suddenly, as many aged persons do.

The next day (being thursday) was to be devoted to packing up, and preparing, so as to set off very early on friday morning, in order to give Charles time to return home the same day, and before dark. The kind young rustic insisted upon taking the whole care of packing Mrs. Armly's things, and placing them in the wagon, that she and his grandmother might have an opportunity to sit and chat together, the last day, that (he said) they might ever spend in each other's company this side the good world.

How thoughtful, cried his fond old relative! how like his poor father, my first dear Charley! O that my dear baby Susan was more like him! To let the reader into a great

secret, I shall now say, that Susan had been a kind of favorite pet with the old woman ; and like most favorites, had given signs of being selfish and conceited, at times showing a few unbecoming airs, that worried her grandmother more than she was willing to acknowledge, who continued, however, to trust in God, praying fervently, that converting grace might set all things right in her baby Susan's heart ; that she said was no worse than other natural hearts. Now Susan was a large stout, buxom lass of nineteen, with bright black eyes, and cherry cheeks ; and she thought herself pretty, ever since young Jack Townley whispered in her ear at the fair, that black eyes and red cheeks, made a beauty for him. Susan's head was rather addled by inhaling this incense of flattery, from the village beau ; for Jack was called so, and indeed, if there was a dandy among Mr. the late lamented vicar's flock, Townley was the one. His dress at the fair, Susan Brown thought was the handsomest she had ever seen ; and much she wished that Charley would copy after it. How smart, thought she, is that green coat, yellow waistcoat, and deep

blue trowsers ; but the ruffle in his bosom, to which was added a breast pin, about the size of half a crown, beats all ; and then he puts on his little hat with such an air, and whirls about that willow stick so genteelly. How much better he did appear than Charles, with his brown fustian round jacket and trowsers, and light colored, low crowned, broad brimmed hat, poked down close upon his head, "like an old codger of forty." These cogitations kept poor Susan awake a good while the night after her jaunt to the fair ; and her grandmother said she was an altered child from that day. Much may we regret the weakness of this village maiden ; but we must leave her in future out of this book, having objects in view of far greater interest, even the surviving flowers of Jessamine lawn ; and in looking after these valuable plants, the finest emotions that sympathy excites in young and unsophisticated minds, may mingle kindest wishes with "panting hope," that heaven's propitious eye may irradiate the spot where Mary Armly and her widowed mother shall dwell the ensuing winter.

CHAPTER VI.



“ A song, a flower, a name, a pin, or glove,
At once restore those long connected scenes,
When first they engaged the attention.——”

MARY retired quietly to bed, without asking to see the gift of her unknown friend ; but Mrs. Armly choosing to keep her promise inviolate, drew the pocket-book from its place of concealment, and handing it to Mary, said, here is thy present child, I will lay it on the pillow ; and thou mayest examine the work at thy leisure to-morrow.

Mary. I should like to have it put away in your trunk, mother, till we are settled at Mrs. Worthy's, if you please ; for I have almost half a cabbage net to do to-morrow, that Mr. Charles says he will buy of me, because it is made of such good thread. He says I should not get its real worth at market.

Mrs. Armly. Excellent young man, how carefully he watches every point of our inter-

est, Mary, I hope thou wilt ask the favor of him to accept the net for thy sake.

Mary. I did mother ; but he said, no indeed ; for I was a poor little girl, and he was strong, and that it was his duty to assist me.

Mrs. Armly. He is an uncommon person, certainly. Most young men at nineteen, (except the precious few that really fear God) care very little about the widow and fatherless, to cheer their sorrowful hearts ; but Charles, without any apparent real piety, seems to be in his favorite element when thus engaged. His charity begins at home, that is, his first attention is paid to his grandmother and sister, and so to us, and I doubt not to others also.

Mary. Do you not mind, mother, that he always sets the arm chair by the table at every meal for dame Brown, and afterward moves it back to the window that looks into their little garden ? and he never will let Susan draw a pail of water or lift any thing heavy, when he is about the house, though she looks so strong and healthy ; and the other morning when it was foggy, he took away the milk

pails from her, telling her to stay in the house and help you get the breakfast, for she might get cold and have a sore throat again.

Mrs. Armly. He is exceedingly kind and attentive, my dear; and so Mary I may put the present away in the trunk, till we are settled in our new home!

Mary assented, saying she felt very sleepy; and in a very few moments the little girl sank into a quiet slumber, which gave her mother an opportunity to examine the little relic of her early ingenuity and fondness for needle work. On turning the pocket-book over, she saw her maiden name "Anna Hallett," wrought with grass-green colored worsted; and "to her aunt R. W." underneath, in bright purple. The figure, through the whole, was in small diamonds; but the colors of the inscription rendered it distinguishable; and it was partly owing to this circumstance that *Mrs. Armly* conveyed it out of Mary's sight, while the family were present, as the child was very quick to discern, and open to communicate; and might have suddenly exclaimed, *your name is here mother.*

It may be thought singular that Mrs. Armly should wish to keep her early history a secret from so firm and generous a friend as dame Brown, her venerable hostess really was. This was, however, the case; and the desire originated in pure and praiseworthy motives, that even an angel need not blush to own. Mrs. Armly studied human nature in the various lessons of instructive wisdom she had received from the lips of her sainted husband, during eleven years residence with him in their peaceful abode at Jessamine lawn. His words had not been "like water spilt upon a rock, that could not be gathered again." Not one was lost. Like "the dews that distilled from heaven on the mountains of Hermon and Zion, where the Lord commanded a blessing," the wise sayings of John Armly still sparkled on the mind of his pious widow, where the plants of grace bloomed with constant and increasing fragrance, to the praise of their origin divine.

John Armly had taught his fair and gentle Anna, how to deal with human creatures; that should her meridian day of mortal life, or its

decline, be exposed to the sorrows and cares of widowhood, she might be prepared to meet its exigencies with safety to her peace ; and encounter the difficulties that exposures to various dispositions, habits and manners, might lead to, with advantage to herself and her fellow worms. Mankind, he said, by scripture division, are separated but once ; and represent the natural and spiritual, or righteous and unrighteous, as making up a company of accountable intelligences, that appear to have Adam the first for their common progenitor, as ordained by Jehovah himself. But the modifiable power invested in nature, he observed, had an extensive range among the human species, and that her imperial sway was indeed universal through all the ranks called animal as well as rational beings. Here she displays an almost endless variety, he added, the complete analization of which, must be resigned to the great uncreated Original and Maker of all things. To man, the highest order of animal, (and in his fall) the lowest of rational beings, heaven has however imparted a degree of discriminating power, that consti-

tutes him an accountable creature, in conjunction with knowledge of good and evil. To cultivate the faculty of distinguishing objects and concerns that relate to us distantly or near, is the duty of all human kind. Especially should we study the natural dispositions, and ruling propensities in ourselves.—Next to this, we ought to examine those about us, with whom we have intercourse and concern. In the several branches of this study, men possessed of strong minds, have dwelt so deep, that they have been able to touch the right string leading to the foundation, or motory principle of word and act in all about them; which puts a cap on the climax of natural philosophy, that may be worn with advantage in the courts of princes—at a city exchange—amid the bustle of business, or more quiet scenes of even familiar home. Let us never cease to pray for divine assistance in plying the mysteries of this great art, and remember, that in studying ourselves we are to be alone severe. In scrutinizing others we should be *charitably* just. Marks are afforded us, in the codes of philosophy, to assist our feeble judgment; and

points are furnished for us to observe, directing how to go on; and where to stop. I advert particularly to the writings of Solomon, as points; and to the historical parts of scripture marks, as easiest of access by you, and the best indeed for all. But I must address my dear Anna, continued the pious exile, most particularly on the subject of choosing friends, and confiding in them. To the disciples of her Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, I am aware her choice will be indissolubly bound; for a heaven-like mind can relish no other. Yet here slow moving circumspection and godly jealousy are extremely necessary. Our own motives in the selection of familiar friends are to be scanned with precision, if we would shun a snare. Let this be thy standard, "To do good and to get good." First to thy spiritual mind direct a watch—next to thy christian character; and last to thy station in life. Will the first be itself likely to improve, and is it probable may advance thy neighbor's in the truth: second, is thy reputation as a follower of the Lamb in no visible danger; and third, will thy friend-

ship exhibit prudence in its choice. There is one thing in personal intercourse or epistolary communications, with (even) christian friends, to which we must give earnest heed; and this is, not to burden them with our own secrets, any farther than is absolutely necessary. By seeking a momentary relief, we may incur a lasting evil; and injure our friend, whose bosom is made the deposit of our private cares. Sometimes necessity may demand this relief—if so, let the ear that is the organ of deposit, be on a sound head, as well as neighbor to a feeling heart. Observe one special mark; a delicate reserve in regard to her own concerns, is a signal that favors thy trust. It is a better sign than grey locks upon the mildest brow. Many a christian could burn at the stake with firmness, that cannot keep a secret perfectly. Kindness may dwell where this discretion is wanting; and christian love burn in a heart, that beats too near a naturally voluble tongue. Therefore, be cautious in communicating, my Anna, your early sufferings in this dark world, to your fondest christian friend. I do not ap-

prehend much danger of it, he added; but I wish to exert my influence in case of sudden emergency, that might occasion an involuntary deviation from your usual modest reserve. I may be taken from you ————. A retired life may not be yours in mournful widowhood, except I could leave you a sufficiency of worldly goods competent to the style of independence, that even excludes necessity of conducting your own affairs. Even then you must be more exposed than you now are; for I am, under providence, your wall of defence, as well as a willing waiter on all your affairs. I will hope for the best; and endeavor to prepare you for the worst. May wisdom from above direct me, and guard you.”

Upon the heart of Mrs. Armly these lessons were written, “as with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever.” She consulted her loved oracle in every movement along the sorrowful path of widowhood; and at the farm house received a call to be guarded in her communications with its truly benevolent owner, who in a christian old age, exhibited her native foible, even entire openness on every subject

that came in her way, whether relating to herself, her family, neighbors or the church of God. While the garrulous, but very generous hostess, freely related every thing about herself or others, the courteous listener and guest recollected her husband's remarks on female reserve; and difficult as it was, under existing circumstances, to avoid a reciprocity of confidence, she resolved to do it; and shun the probable result of raising "a nine days wonder" in a village she was about to leave, to return no more.

"How delighted would my kind hostess be, softly whispered the grateful Anna, to look at this pocket-book as the early effort of my childhood in working upon canvass, and to know that I am indeed the long lost niece of her old friend Mrs. Worthy. Were I to consult my feelings only, I should unfold what she would think might convince me that foreordination to an unlimited extent was true; but my judgment must not be overruled by a simple desire to please, without really benefiting my benevolent friend, who has in her extreme openness declared to me, that some-

how she could not keep a secret—I am not authorized to disgrace my unhappy parent, even where he is not known; nor do I wish to make myself conspicuous as a sufferer on account of religion, here or any where else:—therefore little messenger of glad tidings, I must hide thee away in the bottom of my trunk; and pack the same before I go to bed; for sleep seems to fly my eyes, that long to behold a beloved aunt, after a separation of twenty-five years. Ah! what scenes have I passed through in their lapse! I have tasted a bitter cup, and have drank at a pleasant fountain. Christian, connubial, and maternal love, have all blest me with their purest pleasures. Heaven has been bountiful to me; and I can tell my aunt a long story of the mercies that have fallen in my lot; mercies, indeed, that need a more eloquent tongue to declare their value.

This soliloquy was interrupted by the pocket-book dropping from her hand on the floor. She took it up, and looking at it attentively, discovered a pink diamond, that she recollected was executed by the maternal hand, that

had so long been mouldered back to dust. That dear hand was then trembling with consumptive weakness; but now it was at rest. Mrs. Armly well recollected the scene. One delightful afternoon toward the last of September, she led her dear mother down stairs, into their setting room, that faced the west, and fixed her pillows in an arm chair opposite a window that looked out on the Thames, whose blue rolling waters sparkled beneath the lucid beams of an autumnal sun unobscured by cloud or fog, while the air was soft and still. Mrs. Armly recollected the countenance and figure of her mother, as perfectly as though she had seen her yesterday, as well as the sound of her voice, and the expressions that fell from her lips. Indeed, she almost thought she could see her still, and hear her pious counsel. The glassy eye, the hectic cheek, the livid lips, the pale hands, and hollow voice, seemed to exist before her, while the accents of wisdom addressed to her only child were re-echoed by the word of the Lord. "I will work one diamond for thee, Anna," said the invalid, for thy aunt Rebecca to re-

member me by. It is probable I may never take a needle in this clay hand again.” “Thread it with pink, and let it remind thee of Sharon’s rose, that was surrounded with thorns upon Calvary for thee and me.” A small gold spangle was sewed on this diamond, to distinguish it from others of the same color; and there it remained still, though its yellow lustre was gone.

Mrs. Armly recollected that this was the last time her beloved mother was below stairs, till her mortal part was carried away in a coffin, while her redeemed spirit was at rest in her Savior’s bosom. She remembered the last kiss, the farewell blessing, the heavenly smile, the holy aspiration, “Shepherd of Israel, Savior of babes, protect my child;” and ——who can wonder?——she wept!—— “But I shall meet her again, I shall see her in a white robe, with the palm of victory, and a crown of glory that fadeth never!——and perhaps soon;—as the word *soon* fell in a whisper from her lips, she looked on the sleeping Mary; and nature suddenly recoiled at the thought—but why, why should I wish

to stay, thought she, feeble as I am getting to be, may I not burden that tender creature with many cares?——I will leave it to Heaven my Shepherd, my husband, my Redeemer and Lord—thy will, yea, *all* thy will be done!——

The next day was busily occupied in preparation for their removal, and Mrs. Armly went to the vicarage for the first time since she left it, to take her humble furniture from thence. The young vicar had just returned from a morning ride on horseback, and accosted Mrs. Armly with “good morning madam, ’tis fine weather for the season. I suppose you have come for your things.”

Mrs. Armly said “that is my errand; and I am highly obliged for thy kindness in affording them shelter,

The vicar replied she was quite welcome; and invited her to sit down, observing that he wished to have a little conversation with her.

Mrs. Armly took a seat near the window, that overlooked the road that Charles must come from farmer Lovering’s with the wagon,

and said she would attend to what he wished to say to her.

A conversation succeeded between the vicar and our pious widow, that may be entertaining to my young readers who are set out on their way to Zion; and I will therefore give it insertion on these pages.

The Vicar. I take the liberty, madam—hem, hem—I take the liberty—hem—to—to inquire of you, how it happens—that—that you do not attend church on Sunday? I, have not, I believe, seen you at the chapel but once since I have officiated here as priest and teacher over this flock. Your ardent piety is celebrated through the whole village, by old and young; and there is a general inquiry circulating, why your seat is left vacant. Some of the aged rustics shake their grey locks at me, as though I am the cause; and one indeed very plainly said, “that I had not the right kind of religion to suit you, &c.” I now request the favor of an explanation from you, relative to your absence, with your daughter also, from our Sunday service.

Mrs. Armly. I will readily meet thy request,

as briefly as possible, for I must not detain the young man, who is coming to assist in the removal of my humble furniture. Simply then, I will state, that the discourse I heard thee read at the chapel, on the first day of the week following my dear friend's interment, was familiar to my mind, as transcribed by the pen of the pious Latimer, whose praise is in all the protestant churches. Thy address to the people, in concluding the morning service, gave me a shock, that will last in its effect as to my continuing thy hearer. Inasmuch as thou didst affirm, that in composing the sermon they had just heard from thy lips, thy heart was warmed by the holy spirit; and by the inspiration of God, thou didst declare, thy pen was led in writing it. Believing it was the production of a humble martyr, I must say, my soul shuddered in view of the crime of theological and priestly plagiarism, committed at the altar, where our late vicar offered the humble and simple truths of the gospel, in the spirit of prophesy, to a humble and simple flock, that know nothing of science, or have any more taste for its elegance, than a thirsty

infant has for the strong juice of the grape. In addition to this, (which needed none) I was grieved by thy cavalier air, in entering the place appointed for divine worship—it was the same on going into the pulpit; nor even was it discarded when thou camest to the altar to administer what is called the sacrament, or Lord's supper. I left the chapel to go to my closet, where I sought for divine direction; and duty was made plain to my understanding, that I was not to be present again at a scene of such solemn mockery, and pretended worship, or lip service. My heavenly guide very plainly demonstrated his ancient truth to my mind, which is left on scripture record, and was spoken by an inspired apostle, even thus: "God, that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things:" also the divine instruction given to the woman of Samaria, by Truth Eternal, who declared that not to mount Ger-

iszim or Salem's altar was holy worship confined, for the hour was come for spiritual worship to be established as alone acceptable to the Father, who sought for such only as fear the Lord, and think, as well as call upon his name, to rank among the jewels that fill the crown of the Lamb. I have since devoted the first day in every week, to secret devotion, and the religious instruction of my only child, whom thou hast named in thy inquiry. One of her late father's injunctions on me, which is binding as the law of inspired truth, was, never to suffer her, while under age, to hear preaching that failed to edify me; and I cannot feed on stolen bread.

Thus, my young fellow traveller to worlds unknown, I have answered thy question—it is between ourselves and—*God*—whose eye marks every step we take in public or private, whose ear doth notice each accent upon our clay lips, while his omniscient view is still more intently fixed on the thoughts and motives (that lie concealed from man) in our secret minds. My great plainness of speech may try thee, and show thee to thyself, as

to what manner of spirit sways thy inner man ; but I know if thou art possessed of any pure gold, that will sustain no injury by truth's testimony. I have pitied thy youth, and, mourned for thee ; and my soul wishes thee well, in the Lord. . . . A silence profound as midnight, when the world is sleeping beneath the dark curtain, and leaden sceptre of its sable goddess, followed this solemn and plain address. The young vicar gazed upon the humble speaker, with mute astonishment. A sigh swelled his bosom, a tear glistened in his eye ; and *conviction* alarmed his conscience. He attempted to speak ; but the power of utterance failed him.

Mrs. Armly rose to attend to her business—Charles Brown was at the door with the wagon.—She saw the struggle that pained and embarrassed the young clergyman, and inwardly invoked for his soul the mercy of heaven.

I have need to be going now ; she said, may I ask thy house-keeper to show me to the room where my few household articles are deposited ?

The young vicar now rose also, and faintly said, I will go myself, Mrs. Armly ; and perhaps I can afford you some assistance.

Affected by this condescension, she said, do not take upon thyself that trouble—Charles and I can soon bring them out. But the vicar followed, notwithstanding, and seemed to have forgotten his care of a pair of delicate hands, while he took any thing that was to go in the wagon ; and carried the widow's humble kitchen paraphernalia as handily as the rustic Charles, who stared at him with an expression that seemed to ask "what in the name o' wonder is happened to ye."—

As Mrs. Armly departed, she presented unfeigned thanks, and courtesying with her usual modesty, said farewell—we may not meet again upon earth ; but I wish thee well here and hereafter.

Will you not remember me, Mrs. Armly, cried the young vicar, with eagerness—will you not remember me in your prayers ? I feel my need of them—pray for my —— he was going to add, lost soul ;—but the sound failed to pass his lips :—he bowed respectful-

ly, and returned to the house as Charles drove off—we hazard the supposition, to pray, and weep for himself there.

Have you been preaching to our young slick parson, friend Anna? asked the blunt, but goodnatured Charles.—Well then, said he, seeing the question embarrassed; there—it is none o' my business I know; only, I declare I never saw a person so altered all of a sudden—why he did behave quite elever indeed—I'd never a' believed that the white hands would have grabbed a wash-tub, and lugged it along to the wagon, if I had n't seen it with my own eyes—no I would n't.

Mrs. Armly observed, that much might be hoped for the young vicar, from experience and added years; and that she really desired he might yet become a faithful spiritual watchman over his flock, and feed the sheep and lambs with the sincere milk of the word; and she observed to Charles, that perhaps it might be as well not to mention what had just appeared so wonderful to him; but rather wait, she said, and see how far in humility the vicar might progress.

Charles assented directly, saying he believed that was about the rightest way; for many a comical joke might be cracked about the village, if it was known how humbly the vicar carried a wash-tub, stew-pan and gridiron—and then he laughed heartily, saying, he wished the parson would always behave as well.

The sweet little Mary came out to the wagon as Charles drove up to the porch door; and as her mother alighted, she looked at her earnestly, and softly whispered, “was the vicar kind, mother?” Yes, my child, very much so, was the reply. I have nearly finished the net, Mr. Charles, said the fair young cottager; (as Mrs. Armly took a couple of chairs to carry them into the house, bidding Mary bring one more;) Aye, you’re little busy bee, that’s your name—so take this chair, busy bee; and I will drive the wagon into our new barn.

At sunrise the next morning, our cottagers left the farm-house, loaded with blessings and good bye’s from their hospitable friend dame Brown, who sincerely lamented the loss of their company; saying, she knew no way to pacify herself, but by thinking how happy her

old friend was going to be—at which Charles leered, and saying “grandmother was a kind of a prophet he b’lieved—jumped into the wagon and drove off.

Children at Mary Armly’s age, are usually delighted with the exercise of riding, and are apt on such occasions to be chatty and inquisitive, especially while the recreation is new to them. To such active minds, it may be pleasant to know how Mary appeared in her egress from the village, that with her native lawn, had hitherto bounded her sight of the world; and to read her remarks as she journeyed to Bath.

For some time the little girl was quite silent; and her countenance indicated sadness and regret. Charles did not happen to notice her, as his attention was devoted to the business of guiding the horses, to avoid jolting the wagon, that its contents might sustain no injury. Mrs. Armly was absorbed in her private contemplations relative to an approaching scene, that excited sensations of pleasure and pain in her bosom; and thus engaged she saw not the repressed tear that

seemed to be struggling for liberty to wet the pale rose upon her daughter's cheek, or heard the soft sigh that escaped from its prison—a heart that teemed with tenderest fraternal remembrance.

This reserve among our affectionate trio, was maintained for the first five miles of their ride; and not one of them spoke, except Charles, who occasionally called to his horses with *who'a there*, when they appeared a little frisky in descending a hill.

The morning was fine—the lark continued his matin lay, that was echoed here and there by the milk-maid's song, as she came forth with a pail hung on each bonny brown arm, to visit the lowing kine, and exantlate from them the delicious fluid so nourishing to infancy, or toothless age. The harvest man was busy at his welcome toil, the closing labors, that fill his barns and granary with food for man and beast; while nature seemed to rejoice that her sabbath was near, when the harrow, spade and ploughshare might lie still, and winter, pale winter be allowed his reign.

After our cottagers had passed the Rising

Sun tavern, Charles broke the charm of silence: and turning his head to look at Mary, he asked, "what made her look so sorry, and if she didn't like to ride?" This speech interrupted the train of thoughts that flowed in Mrs. Armly's mind, and drew her attention to the lovely object, addressed by Charles, and she reiterated his question, adding, "perhaps the motion of the wheels does not suit thee, dear, as thou art unaccustomed to riding? Tell me, Mary, added she, art thou dizzy, sick, or whatever is the matter tell thy mother."

I am not sick, mother, replied Mary; but I — — I have been thinking all the way, that somewhere on this road, my dear father was taken sick—[Mary knew nothing about the press-gang] and died ——— and I have been thinking too, that we are going away so far from my brother's grave, that I can see it no more. Next summer, when the eglantine blooms round his narrow house, and the willow I planted there, is green again, they will not be watered by his sister's tears; and my father's grave I shall never see. O! my father,

my brother, why must they die? but I have a mother yet—I shall be with her still! and I ought not to mourn because father and John are in heaven.

It may be recollected that Mary's lamented father, had forewarned his wife of scenes like this; and had enjoined upon her to exhibit christian firmness and resolution on all such occasions, fearing the effects of indulgent sympathy on a mind so exquisitely tuned to softest sensibility as was his little daughter's. Her heart, he said, required no foreign hand to play upon its feelings, to draw forth its native sound; for it resembled the "Aonian lyre, that is moved by Parnassian zephyrs; and would, he said, involuntarily echo to the winds of sorrow."

Mrs. Armly was faithful to her trust; and though at this time, she had to contend with a new difficulty, even the interference of her friendly driver, who was sobbing aloud while Mary spoke, yet she kept her balance perfectly, and endeavored to direct her daughter's attention to that bright world, where the

righteous dwell together in peace and joy that is everlasting.

I entreat of thee, my child, said the pious mother, to watch over thy young heart ; and when a sensation of useless regret is rising in thy bosom, instantly pray to thy Savior, to put it down. Recollect that he “giveth the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” He hath pronounced a blessing on the mourner in Zion, and upon no inferior sorrow, than sorrow for sin, will he bestow his approbation. Jesus was a man of sorrows. He was acquainted with grief sooner than my Mary. His infant breath drew in our woes ; and for us his childhood wept. In him the bloom of youth was bespangled with the dew of righteousness ; and ripened into manhood that was crowded by fatigues and hardships, loaded with the reproaches of men, and bathed in bloody sweat. Think more of thy great Redeemer, Mary ; and less of thy father, or brother—less of thyself and of me.

This lesson was not lost upon the docile Mary. She was drawn by its influence away

from her own griefs, to the manger and cross of Jesus; and her little heart breathed a silent prayer, that Heaven would forgive her murmuring regrets; and make her a christian. In a short time her sadness vanished; and a sweetly pensive smile irradiated her beautiful features. She began to notice the country, was delighted at seeing the ripe fruit on the trees; and remarked how good the Creator was to give it to man.

Poor Charles too recovered his usual cheerfulness, as Mary began to talk. He said, he could not help those few tears, because his heart ached so terribly for little busy bee; and he owned he felt pretty much dashed by friend Anna's curious way of comforting such a tender little thing as she; but now he said, he b'lieved it was the very best way; though most mothers had not found it out; but would rather cry and lament too. He said he did really think that religion was a wonderful thing, that is, such as friend Anna had.

